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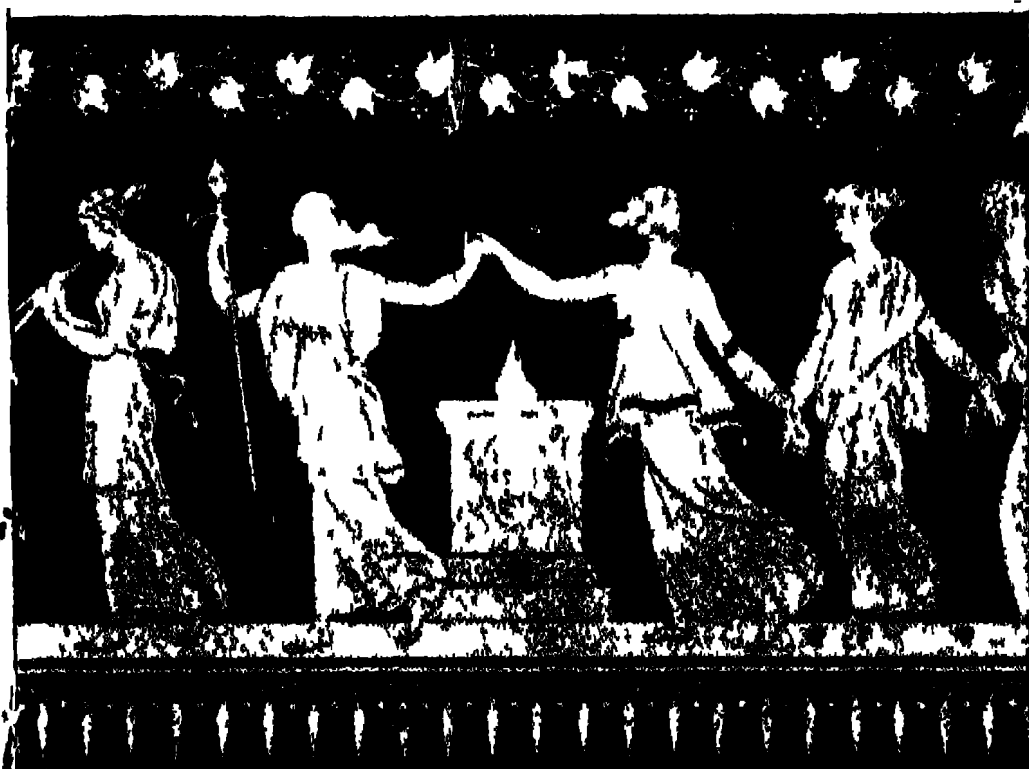
ANACREON

THE ODES OF ANACREON

TRANSLATED BY
THOMAS MOORE

WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL NOTES AND
DESIGNS BY GIRODET
DE ROUSSY

LONDON: GIBBINGS & COMPANY





AUTHOR'S PREFACE¹

THE idea of attempting a version of some of the Songs or Odes of Anacreon had very early occurred to me, and a specimen of my first ventures in this undertaking may be found in the *Dublin Magazine*, where, in the number of that work for February 1794, appeared, a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth"

¹ Extracted from the Preface to the Collected Edition of the Poetical Works London, 1841

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Ode, by T. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to future and better translators of the poet to compare this schoolboy experiment with any later and more laboured version of the same ode, I shall here extract the specimen found in the Anthologia—

" Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine,
Fancy's hand our chaplets wreathing,
Vernal sweets around us breathing.
We'll gaily drink, full goblets quaffing,
At frightened Care securely laughing.

" Rose ! thou balmy-scented flower,
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
To gods themselves can give delight ;
And Cypria's child, with roses crown'd,
Trips with each Grace the mazy round

" Binding my brows, I'll tune the lyre,
I owe my rapturous strains shall fire.
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
While roses fresh my brows entwine.
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures "

In pursuing further this light task, the only object I had for some time in view was

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to lay before the Board of Trinity College a select number of the odes I had then translated, with a hope—suggested by the kind encouragement I had already received—that they might consider them as deserving of some honour or reward. Having experienced much hospitable attention from Doctor Kearney, one of the senior fellows,¹ a man of most amiable character, as well as of refined scholarship, I submitted to his perusal the manuscript of my translation as far as it had then proceeded, and requested his advice respecting my intention of laying it before the Board. On this latter point his opinion was such as, with a little more thought, I might have anticipated, namely, that he did not see how the Board of the University could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings of so convivial and amatory a nature as were almost all those of Anacreon. He very good-naturedly, however, lauded my translation, and advised me to complete and publish it.

¹ Appointed Provost of the University in the year 1799, and made afterwards Bishop of Ossory.

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I was also indebted to him for the use, during my task, of Spalletti's curious publication, giving a facsimile of those pages of a MS. in the Vatican Library which contain the Odes, or "Symposiacs," attributed to Anacreon.¹ And here I shall venture to add a few passing words on a point which I once should have thought it profanation to question, — the authenticity of these poems. The cry raised against their

¹ When the monument to Provost Baldwin, which stands in the hall of the College of Dublin, arrived from Italy, there came in the same packing case with it two copies of this work of Spalletti. one of which was presented by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic archbishop, as a gift from the Pope to the Library of the University, and the other (of which I was subsequently favoured with the use) he presented, in like manner, to my friend Dr. Kearney. Thus, curiously enough, while *Anacreon in English* was considered - and I grant, on no unreasonable grounds - as a work to which grave collegiate authorities could not openly lend their sanction, *Anacreon in Greek* was thought no unfitting present to be received by a Protestant bishop, through the medium of a Catholic archbishop, from the hands of his holiness the Pope

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genuineness^o by Robe^{rt}us and other enemies of Henry Stephen, when that eminent scholar first introduced them to the learned world, may be thought to have long since entirely subsided, leaving their claim to so ancient a paternity safe and unquestioned. But I am forced to confess, however reluctantly, that there appear to me strong grounds for pronouncing these light and beautiful lyrics to be merely modern fabrications. Some of the reasons that incline me to adopt this unwelcome conclusion are thus clearly stated by the same able scholar, to whom I am indebted for the emendation^o of my own juvenile Greek ode: "I do not see how it is possible, if Anacreon had written chiefly in iambic dimeter verse, that Horace should have wholly neglected that metre. I may add that, of the fragments of Anacreon, of whose genuineness, from internal evidence, there can be no doubt, almost all are written in one or other of the lighter Horatian metres, and scarcely one in iambic dimeter verse. This may

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be seen by looking through the list in Fischer."

The unskilful attempt at Greek verse from my own pen, which is found prefixed to the Translation, was intended originally to illustrate a picture, representing Anacreon conversing with the Goddess of Wisdom, from which the frontispiece to the first edition of the work was taken. Had I been brought up with a due fear of the laws of prosody before my eyes, I certainly should not have dared to submit so untutored a production to the criticism of the trained prosodians of the English schools. At the same time, I cannot help adding that, as far as music, distinct from metre, is concerned, I am much inclined to prefer the ode as originally written to its present corrected shape; and that, at all events, I entertain but very little doubt as to *which* of the two a composer would most willingly set to music.

For the means of collecting the materials of the notes appended to the Translation I was chiefly indebted to an old library adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, called

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from the name of the Archbishop who founded it, Marsh's Library. Through my acquaintance with the deputy librarian, the Rev. Mr. Cradock, I enjoyed the privilege of constant access to this collection, even at that period of the year when it is always closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and to the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, I passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found scattered through some of my earlier writings.

Early in the year 1799, while yet in my nineteenth year, I left Ireland, for the first time, and proceeded to London, with the two not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by subscription, my Translation of Anacreon. One of those persons to whom, through the active zeal of friends, some part of my manuscript had been submitted before it went to press, was Doctor Laurence,

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the able friend of Burke; and, as an instance, however slight, of that ready variety of learning, as well the lightest as the most solid, for which Laurence was so remarkable, the following extract from the letter written by him, in returning the manuscript to my friend Dr. Husie, may not be without some interest:—

“ Dec. 20, 1799.

“ I return you the four odes which you were so kind to communicate for my poor opinion. They are, in many parts, very elegant and poetical; and, in some passages, Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are, in not a few places, rather more paraphrastical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation.

“ In the fifty-third ode there is, in my judgment, a no less sound than beautiful emendation suggested—would you suppose it?—by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavoured

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to express the sense of it in a couplet interlined with pencil. Will you allow me to add, that I am not certain whether the translation has not missed the meaning, too, in the former part of that passage which seems to me to intend a distinction and climax of pleasure. 'It is sweet even to prove it among the busy paths, it is sweet again, plucking, to cherish with tender hands, and eury to the fun, the flower of love.' This is nearly literal, including the conjectural correction of Mynheer Medenrich. If this be right, instead of

It is sweet to dare the tangled fence

I would propose something to this effect—

It is sweet the rich perfume to prove

And by the dewy bush you rove,

It is sweet to dare the tangled fence,

To cull the timid beauty thence

To wipe with tender hands away

The tears that on its blushing lay

Query if it ought not to be *be* The line might run—

'With tender hand the tears to brush,

That give new softness to its blush (or,
its flush)'

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Then, to the bosom of the fair,
The flower¹ of love in triumph bear ' ^o

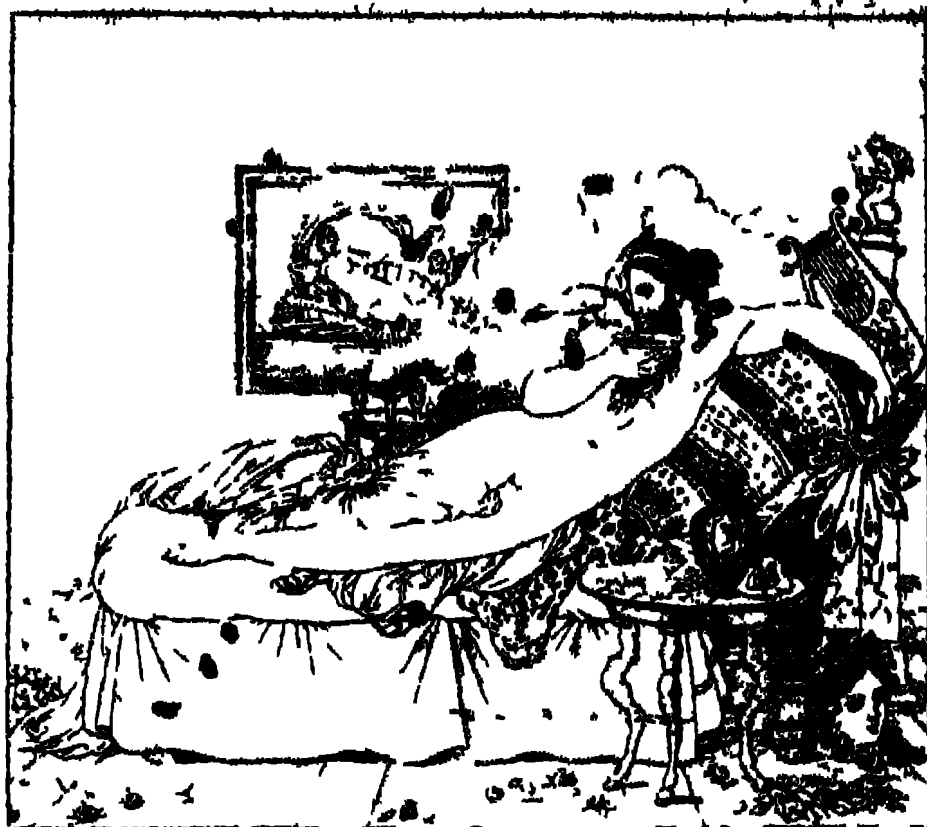
"I would *drop* altogether the image of the stems, '*dropping with seeds*.' I believe it is a "confused and false metaphor, unless the painter should take the figure of Aurora from Mrs. Hastings.

"There is another commendation of the same critic, in the following line, which Mr. M. may seem, by accident, to have sufficiently expressed in the phrase of 'roses shed their *light*.'

"I scribble this in very great haste, but fear that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long, minute, and impertinent. Believe me to be, very sincerely,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"F. LAURENCE."



REMARKS ON ANACREON

THERE is but little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes,¹ who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by

¹ He is quoted by Athenæus τῷ περὶ τοῦ Ἀνακρεόντος.

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fiction of their own imagination, have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance,¹ and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.²

• Our poet was born in the city of Teos,

¹ *The History of Anacreon*, by Gacon ("Le Poète sans fard, as he styles himself), is professedly a romance, nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Baines be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him at last, in his old age, at a country villa near Teos.

² The learned Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fèvre (*Dictionnaire Historique*, etc.) Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father. They have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

³ The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingens Asiatica incluta per gentes fecere Poetæ. Anacreon, inde Mimnæus et Antimachus, etc." (Solinus)

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in the delicious region of Ionia, and the time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ.¹ He flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were become the rival asylums of genius. There is nothing certain known about his family, and those who pretend to discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, show much more of zeal than of either accuracy or judgment.²

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a

¹ I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marque d'Olympiade car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites"

- This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance, it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error, but Bayle had observed it before him

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prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and, while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that, by the influence of his amatory songs, he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.¹

The amours of the poet, and the rivalry of the tyrant,² I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. * Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition

¹ *Ἀνακρεων Σαμιοῖς Πολυκράτην ἡμερω* (Maxim. Tyr. §21). Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

² In the romance of *Orelia*, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth.

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very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained, where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been really such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those princes who may be said to have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. From his court, which was a sort of galaxy of genius, Anacreon could not long be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet readily embraced the invitation, and the Muses and the Loves were wafted with him to Athens.¹

¹ There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called *Anacréon Citoyen*.

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The manner¹ of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone;¹ and, however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who see in this easy and characteristic death a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, we cannot help admiring that his fate should have been so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calpurnius alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet —

¹ Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. *Uvæ pisæ acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidæ in οὐνοπορνῆς alii enim hoc mortis generi perisse tradunt Sophoclem* (*Fabris in Bibliothecæ Græcæ lib. ii. cap. 15*). It must be confessed that Lucian who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's Introduction to his *Anacreon*.

² At te, sancte senex, acinus sub Iartara misit,
Cygnæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter.

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Those lips, then, hallow'd sage, which pour'd along
A music sweet as any cygnet's song,

The grape hath closed for ever!

Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,

Here let the rose he lov'd with laurels bloom,

In bands that ne'er shall sever.

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,

By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine

Lost his sweet vital breath;

Thy God himself now blushes to confess,

Once hallow'd vine! he feels he loves thee less,

Since poor Anacreon's death.

It has been supposed by some writers that Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries; and the very thought of an intercourse between persons so congenial, both in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such

Vos, hederæ, tumulum, tumulum vos cingite,
lauri,

Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;

At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,

Quæ causam diræ protulit, uva, necl.

Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,

In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

The author of this epitaph, Cælius Calcagninus, has translated or imitated the epigram εις την Μοῦνον βοῦν, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

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play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it. But the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.¹

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy; but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may safely consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.² We find him there, the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of

¹ Barnes is convinced (but very gratuitously), of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho. In citing his authorities, he has strangely neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ursinus, as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho—

Εἰμι λαβὼν εἰσαράς Σαπφῶ παρθένον ἄδυφωνον.
Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as do also Olaus Bonnichius and others.

² An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote—

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sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to have thought that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness in mere wealth. • The cheerfulness, indeed, with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteristic

*Lyron, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusit Anacreon poeta.
sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis anabat,
Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantis.*

To Love and Bacchus ever young,
While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song.
But never, never reach'd his heart

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ally throughout all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those few vices in our estimate which religion, at that time, not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacréon.¹

¹ Anacréon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes also a little profane. Baillet runs too much into the opposite extreme, exaggerating also the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus as "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité" (*Jugement des Savans*, M CV).

Barnes could hardly have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus; the note in question being manifest irony, in allusion to some censure passed upon Le Fevre for his *Anacréon*. It is clear, indeed, that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpius (*de Utilitate Poetæ*), who vindicates our poet's reputation.

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Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials that it were better, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the intimated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing cheerfully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work,¹ has been considered so authentic, that

¹ It is taken from the *Bibliotheca* of Fulvius Ursinus. Bellori has copied the same head into his *Imagines*. Johannes Fabrici, in his description of the coin of Ursinus mentions another head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the *Longographus* of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters THICZ around it. on the reverse there is a Neptune holding a spear in his right hand and a dolphin, with the word THAVON inscribed, in the left, "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle cittadini la comassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta. There is also among the coins of De Wilde one which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word THION, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit hac corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?" (De Wilde) ,

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we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient, in that benevolent gravity of expression which should characterise the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon,¹ we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity.² They are, indeed, all

¹ Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, etc. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him (lib. iv. od. 9), alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses (lib. i. od. 17); and the scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

² See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, etc. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed" (*Poet.* lib. i. cap. 44). "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius)

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beauty, all enchantment.¹ He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathise even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, etc.' (*Dissertationis Academicæ, de Poetis, diss. 2*). Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun, speaking of the μέλος, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hæc μέλη sed etiam in ipsis mella." See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing also the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Patma edition "O vos sublimes animæ, vos Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in totâ Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quæso vos in ullis unquam fuerit vates qui licio cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri suavitate palmam præcipuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della Rag. Poetic libro primo (p. 97). Among the Ritratti of Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning "Cingetemi la fronte," etc.

¹ "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace; but the modern writets of J^uvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

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found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion : and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than by sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection ; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this pure gallantry ; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm ; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may

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be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but, to others, I am conscious, this should not be the language of a translator, whose first reflection of such beauties can but ill justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.¹

¹ In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music by Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin, et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic larning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients and they have all, as it appears to me mistaken the accentuation of the words

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The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birthday entertainment.¹

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and apparent facility, perhaps, of his metric, have attracted, as I have already remarked, a crowd of imitators. Some of these have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been half so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, being conscious of their own inferiority to their great prototype, determined on removing all possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, deprived the world of some of the most

¹ The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9). The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julius as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes who were introduced at the entertainment.

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exquisite treasures of ancient times.¹ The works of Sappho and Alcaeus were among those flowers of Grecian literature which thus fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was hallowed by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive²; and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written *Anacreontics*, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace—

• Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon •
Dehinc ætas.

¹ See what Colomesius in his *Literary Treasures* has quoted from Aleyonius de Exilio; it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, “Hæc autem contra cara non potui non apponere.”

² We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

Ἀγε μοι, λιγυῖα φορμιγξ,
Μετὰ Τηϊαν αἰδαν,
Μετὰ Λεσβίαν τε μολπαν.

• Margunius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious *Anacreontics*.

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The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the *Anacreon Recantatus*, by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published in 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the *Christianæ Anacreon* of Patrignanus, another Jesuit,¹ who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that the Grecian poet had dedicated to festivity and love.

His metre has frequently been adopted by the modern Latin poets; and Scaliger, Taubman, Barthius,² and others, have shown

¹ This, perhaps, is the "Jesuita quidam Græculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an *Ανακρεων Χριστιανος*, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

² I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which

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that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.¹ The Anacreontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; as they glitter all over with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus² preserve more happily than any others the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, passing so frequently through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

¹ Thus too Albertus, a Danish Poet

Fidii tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse,
Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulso;
Gaudebo semper illum
Laudate pumillilis
Anacreonticillis.

--See the *Danish Poets* collected by Rossgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. A beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius may be found lib. i. Paraginis.

² To Angerianus, Prior is indebted for some of his happiest mythological subjects.

Remarks on Anacrëon

of the Italian poets have indulged their fancies upon the subjects, and, in the manner of Anacreon, Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabrier and others.¹

To judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations; and Hagelorn² is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Fontaine, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France have also professed to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence, with little of the simple grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras³ we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

¹ See Crescimbeni, *Historia della Volg. Poes.*

² "L'aimable Hagelorn vaut quelquefois Anacrëon" (Dorat, *Idée de la Poesie Allemande*).

³ See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his *Life*, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

Remarks on Anacreon

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which, so singularly, they had for many ages reposed. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Votinius, who mentions the circumstance in his *Various Readings*. Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.¹ In 1554, however, he gave *Anacreon* to the world,² accompanied with annotations and

¹ Robertellus in his work *De Riticu arig nli* pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Græcist

Ronsard commemorates this event

Je vay louer à Henrie Etienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu
Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
La douce lyre Ieienne (Ode xv book 5)

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light

Remarks on Anacreon

a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation. Accordingly, he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon his authority, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world, however, has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a facsimile of those pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the Odes of Anacreon.¹

¹ This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the

Remarks on Anacreon

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the different editions and translations of Anacreon. Finding their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting, I shall here content myself with enumerating only those editions and versions which it has been in my power to collect; and which, though very few, are, I believe, the most important:—

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris; the Latin version is attributed by Colomesius to John Dorat.¹

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, Palatine into the Vatican Library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 676th page of it are found the *Ἡμαρτία Συμποσιακά* of Anacreon.

¹ “Le même (M. Vossius) m’a dit qu’il avoit possédé un Anacréon, ou Scæger avoit marqué de sa main, qu’Henri Etienne n’étoit pas l’auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat” (Paulus Colomesius, *Particularités*). Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius;—almost all these *Particularités* begin with “M. Vossius m’a dit.”

Remarks on Anacreon

the latter in 1556. It appears from a note of Muretus upon 'one' of the 'sonnets' of Ronsard, that Henry Stephen communicated to this poet his manuscript of Anacreon, before he promulgated it to the world.¹

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.²

"The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon, by Gacon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Baines; London, 1721.

¹ "La fiction de ce sonnet comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduit, Συ μεν φιλη χελιδων."

² The author of *Nouvelles de la Répub. des Lett.* bestows on this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to justify.

Remarks on Anacreon

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733,¹ with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Coisini, Regnier,¹ Salvini, Marchetti,² and one by several anonymous authors.²

A translation in English verse, by Hawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.³

Another, anonymous, 1768.

¹ The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition; but they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive from a passage in the *Menagiana*, bestowed some research on the subject. "C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le tems que je travaillois sur Anacréon" (*Menagiana*, seconde partie).

² I find in Haym's *Notizia di' Libri rari*, Venice, 1670, an Italian translation by Cappone, mentioned.

³ This is the most complete of the English translations.

Remarks on Anacreon

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781 ;
with the facsimile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Uiquhart, 1787.

The edition by Gail, at Paris. 1790.
With a prose translation.



ODES OF ANACREON

ODE I

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure ;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye ;

Odes of Anacreon .

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire
His lip exhal'd, whence'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide ;
And, as with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue ;
I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine.
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah ! I feel its magic now :
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.



OHF II

Give me the hup of epic song,
 Which, Homer's finger thrill'd along;
 But tear away the sanguine string,
 For war is not the theme I sing.
 Proclaim the laws of tevil itc,
 I'm monuch of the board to-night;
 And all around shall brim as high,
 And quaff the tide as deep as I.
 And when the cluster's mellowing dew
 Their waim enchanting balm infuse,

Odes of Anacreon.

Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety;
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.



ODD, III

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire !
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray ;
Many a city, revelling free,
Full of loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain ;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.

Odès of Anacreon

Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the earthly heaven of love
These delighted mortals prove.

Odes of Anacreon

ODE IV

VULCAN ! hear your glorious task ;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul ;
But mind that, o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations flame ;
Nor grave upon the swelling side,
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes,
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,
Wing through the air their winding way ;
While Venus, from her arbour green,
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,
And young Ixæus by her side
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

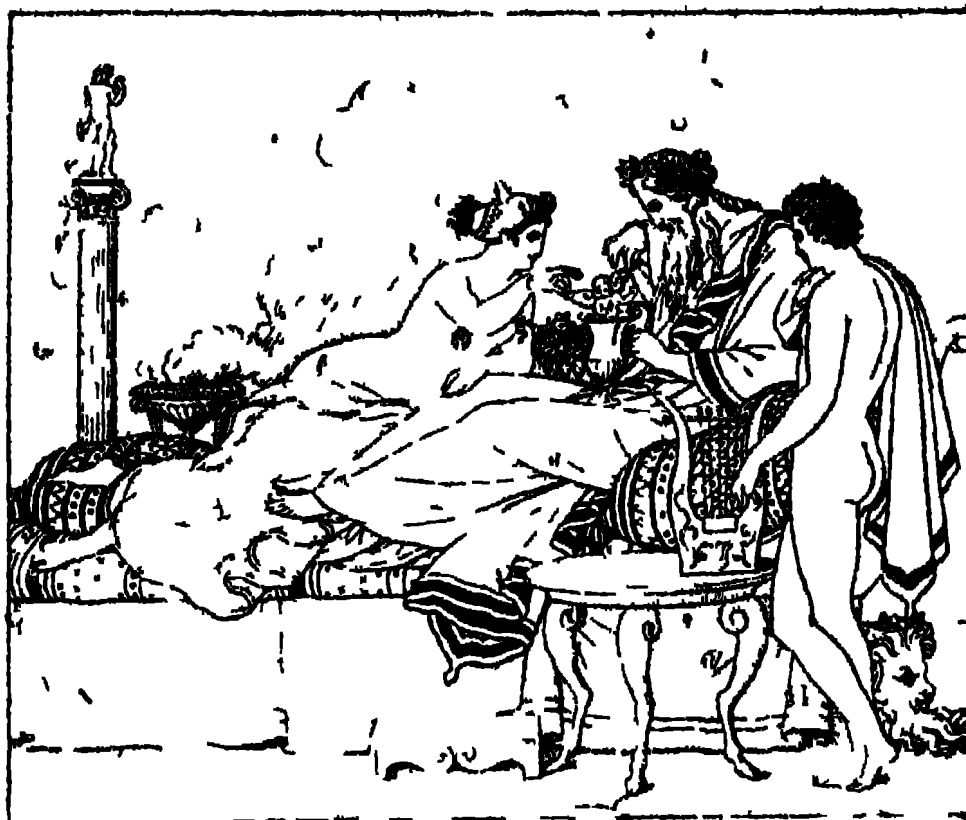


ODI V

SCULPTOR, wouldst thou glad my soul,
 Give for me an ample bowl,
 Worthy to shine in hall or bower,
 When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.
 Give it with themes of chaste design,
 Fit for a simple board like mine.
 Display not there the barbarous rites
 In which religious zeal delights;
 Nor any tale of tragic fate
 Which History shudders to relate.

Odes of Anacreon

No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage dently tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms ;
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove ;
While rosy boys, disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground.
But ah ! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.



ODE VI

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.

Odes of Anacreon

Then drank I down the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.



ODE VII

THE women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
“Behold,” the pretty wantons cry,
“Behold this mirror with a sigh ;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they’re withering too ! ”
Whether decline has thinn’d my hair,
I’m sure I neither know nor care ;
But this I know, and this I feel, ‘
As onward to the tomb I steal,

Odes of Anacreon

That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer ;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give.



ODYS VIII

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great :
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
But oh ! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe ;
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine ;

Odes of Anacreon

But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shine.
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

Odes of Anacreon

ODE IX

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
“I will—I will be mad to-night!”
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac’d the mountain-head;
And why? a murder’d mother’s shade
Haunted them still where’er they strayed.
But ne’er could I a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
“I will—I will be mad to-night!”

Alcides’ self, in days of yore,
Imbru’d his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish’d, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th’ expiring boy:

Odes of Anacreon

And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armour but this joyous flask ;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers, -
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,
“ I will—I will be mad to-night ! ”

Odes of Anacreon.

ODE X

How am I to punish thee,
For the wrong thou'st done to me,
Silly swallow, prating thing,—
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
O! as Teucus did, of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When a dream came o'er my mind,
Picturing her I worship, kind,
Just when I was nearly blest,
Loud thy matins broke my rest!



ODJ XI

"TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
 What in purchase shall I pay thee
 For this little waxen toy,
 Image of the Paphian boy?"
 Thus I said, the other day,
 To a youth who pass'd my way :
 "Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
 Answer'd all in Doric style,
 "Take it, for a trifle take it
 'Twas not I who dared to make it ;

Odes of Anacreon

- No, believe me, 'twas not I ;
‘Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,
• And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep ! ”
• “ Here, then, here, ” (I said with joy,)
“ Here is silver for the boy :
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast ! ”

- Now, young Love, I have thee mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine :
Make me feel as I have felt,
• Or thy waxen frame shall melt :
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy—in yonder fire.

Odes of Anacreon

ODE, XII

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove ;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound !
Of too, by Claios' hallow'd spring,
'The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity !
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While floating odours round me swim,
While mantling bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too--
Mad, my girl, with love for you !



• ODL XIII

I will, I will, the conflict' pass,
 And I'll consent to love it last.
 Cupid has long, with smiling wit,
 Invited me to yield my heart,
 And I have thought that peace of mind
 Should not be for a smile resign'd;
 And so repell'd the tender lure,
 And hop'd my heart would sleep secure.

Odes of Anacreon

But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his hafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too;
Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.
Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed,
And I had just in terror fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And, having now no other dait,
He shot himself into my heart!
My heart—alas the luckless day!
Receiv'd the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
The foe's within, and triumphs there.

Odes of Anacreon.

ODE XIV

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze ;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep ;
Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the fam'd Couthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound ;
There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine.
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle ;
Many in Ionia smile ;

Odes of Anacreon

Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast ;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum them all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there.
What, you stare? I play you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I numbered every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
Deck the shrine of Love in Ciete ;
• Where the god, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train ;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore : •
These, and many far remov'd,
All are loving—all are loved !



ODE XV

TELL me, why, my sweetest, dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
'Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.

Curious stranger, I belong
To the baird of Teian song;

Odes of Anacreon

With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;—
She, whose eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any.
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
(’Twas in sooth a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now his faithful minion,—
Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
“Soon, my bird, I’ll set you free.”
But in vain he’ll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O’er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain’s savage swell,
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from rugged haunts like these.
From Anacreon’s hand I eat

Odes of Anacreon

Food delicious, viands sweet ;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
• Sip the foamy wine with him
Then, when I have wanton'd round
To his lyre's beguiling sound ;
Or with gently-moving wings
Hann'd the minstrel while he sings :
On his harp I sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers !

This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day,
How I've chatter'd !— prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.



ODF •XVI

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues
 Mimic form and soul infuse,
 Best of painters, come portray
 The lovely maid that's far away.
 Far away, my soul ! thou art,
 But I've thy beauties all by heart.
 Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
 Silky locks, like tendrils straying ;
 And, if painting hath the skill
 To make the spicy balm distil,

Odes of Anacreon,

Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume in the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Each, a crescent gently gliding,
Just comingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva's glances blaze,
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cythera's languid eyes.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and soften'd red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
Mutely courting Love's invasion.

Sides of Anacreon

Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within,
Mould her neck with grace descending
In a heaven of beauty ending ;
While countless charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter round its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal ;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough — 'tis she ! 'tis all I seek ,
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak !



ODE XVII

AND now with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth !
 Let his hair, in masses bright,
 Fall like floating rays of light ,
 And there the raven's die confuse
 With the golden sunbeam's hues.
 Let no wreath, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine ,
 But leave them loose to every breeze,
 To take what shape and course they please.

Odes of Anacreon

Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,
But flush'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebony hue, enrich'd by gold,
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.
Mix in his eyes the power like,
With love to win, with awe to strike,
Borrow from Mars his look of ire,
From Venus her soft glance of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear !

Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek ;
And there, if art so far can go,
Th' ingenuous blush of boyhood show.
While, for his mouth—but no,—in vain
Would words its witching charm explain.
Make it the very seat, the throne,
That Eloquence would claim her own ;
And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there.

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace ;

Odes of Anacreon

Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he wags his snaky wand ;
Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh ;
While, through his whole transparent frame,
'Thou show'st the stirrings of that flame,
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.

But sure thy pencil, though so bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
The shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
I see the sun-god's portrait there ;
Why paint Bathyllus ? when, in truth,
There, in that god, thou'st sketch'd the youth.
Enough— let this bright form be mine,
And send the boy to Samos' shrine ;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then, the deity !



ODE XVIII

Now the sun of day is high,
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip, it burns, it burns !
 Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
 Panting, languid I expire.
 Give me all those humid flowers,
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
 Scarce a breathing chaplet now
 Lives upon my feverish brow ;

Odes of Anacreon

I'very dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.
But to you, my burning heart,
What can now relief impart?
Can brimming bowl, or flowret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

Odes of Anacreon

, ODE XIX

HERRI recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade ;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze ;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling soft the mind to sleep ;
Hark ! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul ;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss ?
Who, my girl, would pass it by ?
Surely neither you nor I.

Odes of Anacreon

ODE XX

ONE day the Muses twin'd the hands
Of infant Love with flow'ry bonds ;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant for her slave.
His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy ;
His mother sues, but all in vain,—
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Even should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
“ If this,” he cries, “ a bondage be,
Oh, who could wish for liberty ? ”

Odes of Anacreon

ODE XXI

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky ;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep ;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking !
Since Nature's holy law is drinking ;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the Universe in wine.



ODE XXII

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form ;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh ! that a mirror's form were mine,
That I might catch that smile divine ;
And like my own fond fancy be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee ;
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds ;

Odes of Anacreon

Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave.
Would I were perfume for thy hair,
To breathe my soul in fragrance there ;
Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs.
Or ev'n those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow —
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be ?
Oh, any thing that touches thee ;
Nay, sandals for those airy feet -
Ev'n to be trod by them were sweet !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE XXIII *

I often wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attun'd them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre.
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And all that one has felt so well
The other shall as sweetly tell!



ODE XXIV

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull ;
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And wing'd the timorous hare with speed.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along ;

Odes of Anacreon

While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.
Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman, in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

Odes of Anacreon

ODE XXV

ONCE in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours for ever smile.
And thus thy pinion rests and roves,—
Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,
That brood within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
They fix their fated dwelling here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Still lurk a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.

Odes of Anacreon

Thus peopled, like the vernal groves,
'My breast resounds with warbling Loves ;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And fast as they thus take their flight,
Still other urchins spring to light.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart ?
Ah, no ! I fear, in sadness fear,
They will for ever nestle here !



ODE XXVI

THY harp may sing of 'Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms ;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
That drank the current of my heart ;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquished bosom bleed ;
No—'twas from eyes of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew ;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath that army of the eyes !



ODE XXVII

WE read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes
The inlet to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!



ODE XXVIII

As, by his Lemnian forge's flame,
The husband of the Paphian dame
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm ;
And Venus, as he plied his art,
Shed honey round each new-made dart,
While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall ;
It chanc'd the Lord of Battles came
To visit that deep cave of flame.

Odes of Anacreon

'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd ;
He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd
Contemptuous at the archer-child.
“What!” said the urchin, “dost thou smile?
Here, hold this little dart awhile,
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light.”

Mars took the shaft—and, oh, thy look,
Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took !—
Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,
And cried, in agony of heart,
“It is not light—I sink with pain !
Take—take thy arrow back again.”
“No,” said the child, “it must not be ;
That little dart was made for thee !”

Odes of Anacreon

• ODE XXIX

Y^{is}—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still ;
But oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be lov'd again !
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh ! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven !
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man ;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled !
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms :
And oh ! the worst of all its arts,
It rends asunder loving hearts.



ODE XXX

'Twas in a mocking dream of night—
I fancied I had wings as light .
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet ;
While Love, around whose beauteous feet,
I knew not why, hung chains of lead,
Pursued me, as I trembling fled ;
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,
Spite of my pinions, I was caught !
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene ?

Odes of Anacreon

I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest ;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolv'd each passing bow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now !



ODE XXXI

ARM'D with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying ;

Odes of Anacreon.

And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And, fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
“Why hast thou been a foe to loving?”



ODIE XXXII

STREW me a fragrant bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves ;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink !
In this sweet hour of revelry
Young Love shall my attendant be—
Drest for the task, with tunic round
His snowy neck and shoulders bound,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide !

Odes of Anacreon

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal :
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb ?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the still, cold sense of death ?
Oh no ; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep :
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing ;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow in sweets expire ;
And bring the nymph whose eye hath power
To brighten even death's cold hour.
Yes, Cupid ! ere my shade retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and social cheer,
I'll make my own elysium here !



ODE XXXIII

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
“And who art thou,” I waking cry,
“That bid'st my blissful visions fly?”

Odes of Anacreon

“ Ah, gentle sire ! ” the infant said,
“ In pity take me to thy shed ;
Nor fear deceit : a lonely child
I wander o’er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the dread and misty way ! ”

I heard the baby’s tale of woe ;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow,
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm’d my lamp and op’d the gate.
’Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.
I knew him by his bow and dart ;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers’ cheering blaze ;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers’ genial ray
Had warm’d his anxious fears away ;

Odes of Anacreon

“ I pray thee,” said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he said,)
“ I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I’ve wander’d so;
That much I fear, the midnight shower
Has injured its elastic power.”
The fatal bow the urchin drew ;
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my inmost spirit came !
“ Fare thee well,” I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing’d away ;
“ Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax’d my bow ;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart ! ”

Odes of Anacreon

ODE XXXIV

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee.
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear ;
For thou art mild as matin dew ;
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain ;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere !
The Muses love thy shrilly tone ;
Apollo calls thee all his own ;

Odes of Anacreon

'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st - a little deity !



ODD XXXV

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head,
A luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a lumbering bee
The bee awak'd with anger wild
The bee awak'd, and stung the child
I loud and piteous were his cries,
To Venus quick he runs, he flies,
"Oh, mother! — I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do!"

Odes of Anacreon

Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know
I heard a rustic call it so.”
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile ;
Then said, “ My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee’s touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid ! be,
The hapless heart that’s stung by thee !



ODE XXXVI

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore !
And every hour should swell my store ;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.

Odes of Anacreon

But since not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
'Not wealth nor grandeur can illumine
The silent midnight of the tomb.
No — give to others hoarded treasures —
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures:
The goblet rich, the board of friends
Whose social souls the goblet blends;
And mine, while yet I've life to live,
Those joys that love alone can give.



ODI XXXVII •

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul,
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.
With maidens, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to skim the opening lawn,
Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Odes of Anacreon

Some ruddy striplings, who look'd on—
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's shone,
Saw me chasing, free and wild,
These blooming maids, and slyly smil'd ;
Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
Though none could doubt they envied me.
And still I flew—and now had caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To gather from each rosy lip
A kiss that Jove himself might sip —
When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone !—“ Alas ! ” I said,
Sighing for th' illusion fled,
“ Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh ! let me dream it o'er and o'er ! ”



ODI XXXVIII

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell ;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thrill the tangled dance of mirth ;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove ;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has fondled in her arms.

Odes of Anacreon

Oh, 'tis from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows ;
With him, the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold !—my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh ?
To the winds they fly, they fly !
Grasp the bowl ; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking !
Say, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught ?
Can we discern with all our lore
The path we've yet to journey o'er ?
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'Tis only wine can strike a spark.
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide ;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death ;
Or from the lips of love inhale
A more ambrosial, richer gale !
To heats that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there ;

Odes of Anacreon

While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell !



ODE XXXIX

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping through the dance of joy !
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age !
And when'er this man of years
" In the dance of joy appears,
Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart—his heart is young.

Odes of Anacreon

ODE XL

I KNOW that Heaven hath sent me here,
To run this mortal life's career ;
The scenes which I have journeyed o'er,
Return no more—alas ! no more ;
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
Thy fetters round this soul to link ;
Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee !
And oh ! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours ;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb !



ODE XLI

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies !
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine ;
And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,
Or sit in some cool, green recess—
Oh, is not this true happiness ?



ODE XLII

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine.
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my enlivening lyre ;
And while the red cup foams along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.
Then, while I sit, with flow'rets crown'd,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,

Odes of Anacreon

And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy, in that hour.
Envy!—oh, never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here to-night.
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breeze inspiring float,
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move.
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!



ODE XLIII

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings,
Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,
Keeps measure to the music's sound ;
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,

Odes of Anacreon

Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Trembles all o'er to her sighs.
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the distless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas, his own ;
And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lips the accents die !
Never sure on earth has been
Half so bright, so blest a scene.
It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home ;—
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity !

Odes of Anacreon

ODDE XLIV

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine ;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower ;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.

Odes of Anacreon

Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing,
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
Commingle soul with every glance !

Odes of Anacreon

ODÉ XLV

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear ?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye ;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep.
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way ;
But wisely quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave ;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep.



ODE XLVI

BEHOLD, the young, the rosy Spring
Gives to the breeze her scented wing ;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
'Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep ;
And mark ! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave ;
While cranes from heary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.

Odes of Anacreon

Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away ;
And cultur'd field, and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells ;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine ;
All along the branches creeping,
'Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.



ODE XLVII

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear ;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask !

Odes of Anacreon

Let those who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms ;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its brimming wave.
For though my fading years decay,
Though manhood's prime hath pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again !



ODE XLVIII

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
'Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Cræsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,

Odes of Anacreon

While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me ?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away !
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight ;
But let *me*, my budding vine !
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
■ That alone shall vanquish me -
Who think it better, wiser far,
To fall in banquet than in war.



ODE XLIX

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul—
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,
Calling up round me visions known
To lovers of the bowl alone.

Odes of Anacreon

Sing, sing of love, let music's sound
In melting cadence float around,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
Responsive to its murmurs sigh.
Then, waking from our blissful trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.



ODE I.

WHEN wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise ;
And, freshen'd by the goblet's dews,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.
When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er ;
I think of doubts and fears no more ;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.
When I drink wine, th' etherëal boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy ;

Odes of Anacreon

And while we dance through vernal bowers,
Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from flowers,
In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him !

Again I drink, and, lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams ;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head ;
Then take the lyre, and sing " how blest
The life of him who lives at rest ! "
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train ;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams !
When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines ;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul !

Odes of Anacreon

Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There's bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dar'd to call my own ;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy.



ODE I.

FLY not thus, my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton ! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though youth's brilliant flush be thine,
Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me !
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,

Odes of Anacreon.

How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree
Just, my girl, like thee and me !



ODE LII

Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine,
For age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.

Odes of Anacreon

Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow ;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink.
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's glassy grave ;
And there's an end—for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below !

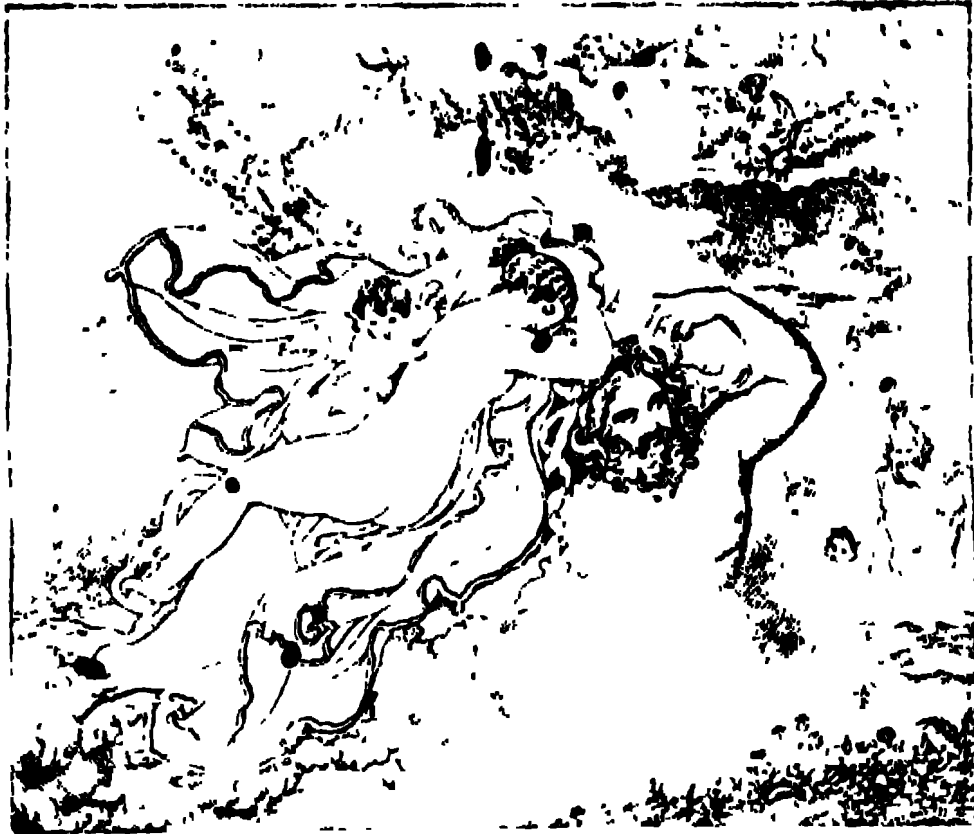


ODE LIII

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance:
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,

Odes of Anacreon.

Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young, as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul !
Help to my lips the brimming bowl ;
And you shall see this hoary sage
Forget at once his locks and age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim ;
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
And play the fool right nobly still.



ODE LIV

MY THINKS, the pictur'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove- -it must be he !
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair !
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spins the billowy surge aside !
Could any beast of vulgar vein,
Unhaunted thus defy the main ?
No : he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove



ODE LV

WILL we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose ! to thee we'll sing ;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers ;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,
The Graces love to wreathe the rose ;
And Venus, in its flesh-blown leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives.

Odes of Anacreon

Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to due the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flow'ret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay !
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gem ,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There's nought in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
O'er whitest arms it kindles through.

Odes of Anacreon

In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living spows.

The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm ;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay :
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death !
Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung
Listen, -- for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews ;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance ; --
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.

Odes of Anacreon

The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth !
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who gave the glorious vine ;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.



ODE LVI

HE, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses ;
He, who inspires the youth to bound
Elastic through the dance's round,—
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year ;
The blushing year with vintage teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,

Odes of Anacreon

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth;
Illuminate the sons of earth!

Then, when the ripe and vermil wine,
Blest infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its roseate cells,
Brightly the joyous stream shall flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
None shall be then cast down or weak,
For health and joy shall light each cheek;
No heart will then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly.
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow.



ODE I.VII

WHOSE was the artist hand that spread
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a flight of fancy, high
As aught on earthly wing can fly,
Depicted thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the 'silv'ry sea
In beauty's naked majesty!

Odes of Anacreon

Oh ! he hath given th^e enamour'd sight
A witching banquet of delight,
Where, gleaming through the waters clear,
Glimpses of undreamt charms appear,
And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen.

Light as a leaf, that on the breeze
O'er summer skims the glassy seas,
She floats along the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest ;
While, stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the heaving billows.
Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,
Her neck, like April's sparkling snows,
Illumine the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces.
Thus on she moves, in languid pride,
Encircled by the azure tide,
As some fair lily o'er a bed
Of violets bends its graceful head.

Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,

Odes of Anacreon

Bearing in triumph, young Desire,
And infant Love with smiles of fire !
While, glittering through the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp their gambols play,
And gleam along the watery way.

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LVIII

WHEN Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? — never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by grovelling gold confin'd,
Then loose I all such clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then feel I, too, the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell,
Which, rous'd once more, to beauty sings,
While love dissolves along the strings!

But, scarcely has my heart been taught
How little Gold deserves a thought,
When, lo! the slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store

Odes of Anacreon

Of racy wine, whose genial art
In slumber settles the anxious heart.
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever !

Away, deceiver ! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing ?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire,
Sweet the sighs that thrill the lyre ;
Oh ! sweeter far than all the gold
Thy wings can waft, thy mines can hold.
Well do I know thy arts, thy wiles—
They wither'd Love's young wreathed
 smiles ;
And o'er his lyre such darkness shed,
I thought its soul of song was fled !
They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.
Go—fly to haunts of sordid men,
But come not near the bard again.
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid ;
And not for worlds 'would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,

Odes of Anacreon

When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away ! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense ;
Give gold to those who love that pest,~
But leave the poet poor and blest.

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LIX

RIPEN'D by the solar beam,
Now the ruddy clusters teem,
In osier baskets borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes.
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing !
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the charm'd and echoing air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies,
The infant Bacchus, bo'n in mirth,
While Love stands by, to hail the birth.

Odes of Anacreon

When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale is gone,
When he inhales the vintage-cup,
His feet, new-wing'd, from earth spring up,
And as he dances, the fire him
Plays whispering through his silvery hair.
Meanwhile young, rous'd whom Love invites,
To joys ev'n Jovian wine's delight,
Seek, arm in arm, the shadowy grove,
And there, in words and looks of love,
Such as fond lovers look and say,
Pass the sweet moonlight hours away.¹

¹ Those well acquainted with the original need hardly be reminded that in the following verses I have thought right to give only the general meaning of my author, leaving the details untouched.

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LX

AWAKE to life, my sleeping shell,
To Phoebus let thy numbers swell ;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower.
Then wake thee from thy voiceless slumbers,
And to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, tremblingly, my lips repeat,
Send echoes from thy chord as sweet.
'Tis thus the swan, with fading notes,
Down the Cayster's current floats,
While amorous breezes linger round,
And sigh responsive sound for sound.

Muse of the Lyre ! illumine my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme ;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,

Odes of Anacreon

Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze.
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd
Around the godhead's yielding mind ;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this ethereal son of Light ;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew trembling to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, alas, too fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there ;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still !
The god pursu'd, with wing'd desire ;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when to clasp the nymph he thought,
A lifeless tree was all he caught ;
And, stead of sighs that pleasure heaves,
Heard but the west wind in the leaves !

But pause, my soul, no more, no more—
Enthusiast, whither do I soar ?
This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul
Hath hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,

Odes of Anacreon

I

When, ah, the song, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descent of the Teian lyre :
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note !
And when some youth, whose glowing soul
Has felt the Paphian stru's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And, drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXI

Youth's endearing charms are fled ;
Hoary locks deform my head ;
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face ;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This it is that sets me sighing ;
Dreary is the thought of dying !
Lone and dismal is the road,
Down to Pluto's dark abode ;
And, when once the journey's o'er,
Ah ! we can return no more !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXII

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd ;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow ;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight ;
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses !
And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song.



ODE LXIII

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild ;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers ;
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXIV

HASTE thee, nymph, whose well-aimed spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer !
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild !
Goddess with the sun-bright hair !
Listen to a people's prayer.
'Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
'There thy vanquish'd people mourn !
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
'Tell them they shall mourn no more.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine ;
Must they, Dian—must they pine ?

Odes of Anacreon

ODE I.XV

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace, thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly? tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins around that tender form,
However wild, however warm.
Yes—trust me, I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though, wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Soon shalt thou feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wished-for goal!

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXVI

To thee, the Queen of nymphs' divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine ;
To thee, who rul'st with darts of fire
This world of mortals, young Desire !
And oh ! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key,
Breathing my soul in fervent praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen ! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire,
And oh ! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illumine this genial hour.

Look on thy bride, too happy boy,
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away !

Odes of Anacreon

Turn, Stratocles, too happy youth,
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own.
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh.
To those bewitching beauties turn ;
For thee they blush, for thee they burn.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd grace discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
Oh ! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed ;
And foster there an infant tree,
To bloom like her, and tower like thee !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXV,II

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn
The wealth of Amalthea's horn ;
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own ;
To totter through his train of years
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXVIII

Now Neptune's month our sky deforms,
The angry night-cloud teems with storms ;
And savage winds, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven !
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illumine :
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXIX

THEY wove the lotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wreath each neck ;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread ;
And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief :
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe, of celestial shape,
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXX

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat :
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire :
In mirthful measures warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXXI

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O maiden, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXXII

FARE thee well, perfidious maid,
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl, by thee,
Is on the wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceas'd to love me here !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXXIII

AWHILE I bloom'd, a happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then lost I fell, like some poor willow
That falls across the wintry billow !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXXIV

MONARCH Love, resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, whose eyes have heaven's hue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew ;
Propitious, oh ! receive my sighs,
Which, glowing with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest ;
And counsel her to learn from thee,
That lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah ! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well ! •

Odes! of Anacreon

ODE LXXV

SPIRIT of Love, whose locks unroll'd
Stream on the breeze like floating gold ;
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud ;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away !
Love ! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The lovely Lesbian mocks my woe ;
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues,
That time upon my forehead strews.
Alas ! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXXVI

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks' unfold ;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid, with vest of gold !

Odes! of Anacreon.

ODE LXXVII

Would that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair,
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear !

Would that I were a golden vase,
That some bright nymph might hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold !

Odes of Anacreon

ODE LXXVIII

WHEN Cupid sees how thickly now
The snows of Time fall o'er my brow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And flitting o' wards seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

ADDENDA

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray,
That lights our life's meandering way,
That God, within this bosom stealing,
Hath waken'd a strange, mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though so sadly teasing,
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing !

Barnes, 125th. This is in Scaliger's *Poetics*.
Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

LET me resign this wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To sooth my misery !

This fragment is extant in Arsenius and
Hephæstion. See Barnes (69th), who has ar-
ranged the metre of it very skillfully.

Addenda

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host ;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure—
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

'Barnes, 72nd. This fragment, which is found in Athenæus, contains an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

I HATE that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care ;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there !

Found in Hephæstion (see Barnes, 95th), and reminds one somewhat of the following:—

Odi et amo ; quare id faciam fortasse requiris ;
Nescio : sed fieri sentio. et excrucior (Carm. 53).

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die.
I can feel it, alas ! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell
why.

Addend

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep :
And there lie cold, to death resign'd,
Since Love intoxicates my mind !

This is also in Hephæstion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123rd of Barnes.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine :
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temple's blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the contest try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul !

Collected by Barnes, from Demetrius Phalargus and Eustathius, and subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers, which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant;—happy if it could be said of the garland which they form, Τὸ δ' ὡς Ἀνακρεοντος.

EPIGRAMS

AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia are found some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a sort of Coronis to this work. But I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety ; and that a frequent recurrence, in them, of the same thought, would render a collection of such poems uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, selected from the number, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those ancient tributes to the fame of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom ; but, designing originally a translation of all that are extant on the subject, I endeavoured to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Epigrams

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ, ΕΙΣ
ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΑ.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ Τετρακορυμβος, Δίακρεον, ἀμφι σε
κισσος

ἄβρα τε λεημωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' ἀργινοεντος αναθλιβονται γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' ἀπο γης ἡδυν χεοιτο μεθυ,
οφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και ουστα τερψιν ἀρηται,
εἰ δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνη,
ω το φιλον στερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν
αιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

AROUND the tomb, oh, bard divine !

Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer spread her waste of roses !

And there shall many a fount distil,

And many a rill refresh the flowers ;

But wine shall be each purple rill,

And every fount be milky showers.

Epigrams

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his tenderest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure,—

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee
streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal;
And live again in blissful dreaming!

Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, *de Poetis Græcis*, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvisatore (see *Institut. Orat.* lib. x. cap. 7). There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others;—and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are found these inscriptions upon Anacreon. These remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet¹ of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account, “Antipater Thessa-

¹ Πλειάκη τὰν ἐν Θεσσαλονικίᾳ τριβυένδᾳ ὀπίσκειν
(Brunck, *Lectiones et Emendat.*).

Epigrams

lonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate *Ἀνθολογίας*, lib. iv. tit. *εἰς ὀρχεστρίδας*. At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione, etc. etc."

The reader who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, *Lexic. Univers.* By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodæus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

Epigrams

ΤΟΤ ΑΤΤΗΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΤΤΟΝ.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρεοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ενθαδε κυκνος
Εὐδει, χῆ παιδων ζωροτατη μανιη.
Ακμην λειριοεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλω
Ἴμερι· και κισσιου λευκος οδωδε λιθος.
Ουδ' Αιδης σοι ερωτας ατεσβεσει, εν δ'
Αχεροντος
Ων, ὅλος ωδινεις Κυπριδι θερμότερη.

Here sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade ;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold that heart, which while on earth
it dwelt
All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt.

. . . *the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of
Pindar--

• Multa Dicaeum levat aia cyncum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet.
Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by
another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ἴμεροισι συντροφον
Λυαῖος Ανακρεοντα, Τηιον κυκνον,
Εσφηλας ὕγρη ἑκταρος μεληδονη.

Ευγενους, Ανθολογ.

Epigram

And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in
 death,
 Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath ;

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd
 In wine's bewildering dream,
 The fairest swan that ever play'd
 Along the Muse's stream!
 The Teian, nurs'd with all those honey'd boys,
 The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd
 Joys!

Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath ; } Thus
 Simonides, speaking of our poet -

Μολπης δ' ου ληθη μελιτερπενος αλλ' επι κεινο
 Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ευρασεν ειν αιδη.
Σιμωνιδοι, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
 Though dark within the tomb he lies ;
 But living still, his amorous lute
 With sleepless animation sighs !

This is the famous Simonides whom Plato styled
 "divine," though Le Fevie, in his *Poetus Grecs*,
 supposes that the epigrams under his name are
 all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his
 remains is a satirical poem upon women, pre-
 served by Stobæus, ψογος γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted,
 and the import of the epigram before us, that the

Epigrams

And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round thy mouldering tomb.
Not yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
For still it lights thee through the elysian
grove ;

Where dreams are thine, that bless th' elect
alone,

And Venus calls thee even in death her own !

works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopæus, the commentator here, appears to exult in their destruction, and, telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, " nec sane id necquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could not possibly have produced.

Epigram

ΤΟΥ ΑΤΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΤΤΟΝ.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιπον Ανακρειοντος
αμειβων,

Ει τι τοσ εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπεισον εμη σποδιη, σπεισον γυνος, οφρα
κεν οινω •

Οσ τεα γηθυσε ταμα νοτιζομενα,
’Ως ο Διονυσου μεμελημενος ουνασι κωμος,
’Ως ο φιλακρητου συντροφος αρμονιης,
Μηδε καταφθιμενος Βακχον διχα τουτον
υποισω

Τον γενεη μενοπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

Oh stranger ! if Anacreon’s shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion’s throb or pleasure’s sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,

The spirit of Anacreon is supposed to utter these verses from the tomb,— somewhat “mutatus ab illo,” at least in simplicity of expression.

. . . if Anacreon’s shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell, etc.] We may guess from the words *εκ βιβλων εμων*, that

Epigrams

And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In tenderest libation here !

Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these, M. La Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast

Aussi c'est pour cela que la posterite
L'a toujours justement d'age en age chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfnerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his *Poetic Games*. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium—

ΕΙΣ ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΝΔΡΙΑΝΤΑ.

Θάσαι τον ανδριαντα τουτον. ω ξεγε,
σποιδα, και λεγ', επαν ες οικον ευθης.
Ανακρεοντος ειλον' ειδον εν Τεω,
των προσθ' ει τι περισσον ωδοποιων.
προσθεις δε χωτι τοις νεοισιν αδετο,
ερεις ατρελεωφ ολον τον ανδρα.

UPON THE STATUE OF ANACREON.

Stranger ! who near his statue chance to roam,
It awhile your audious eyes engage ;

Epigrams

So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
 With visions of enjoyment still.
 Not even in death can I resign
 The festal joys that once were mine,
 When Humoury pursu'd my ways,
 And Bacchus winton'd to my lays.
 Oh! if delight could charm no more,
 If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,

That you may say returning to your home
 "I've seen the image of the Lesbian sage,
 Best of the buds who lick the Muse's page
 Then if you will, that stripling's loved him
 well

You tell them all he was and aptly tell

I have endeavoured to do justice to the simplicity
 of this inscription by rendering it as literally I
 believe, as a verse translation will allow

And he is all that is left of it etc | Thus
 Simonides in another of his epitaphs on our
 poet —

καὶ μιν αἰ τεγγοὶ νοτερὴ ὄρωτος, ἥς οὐ γεραιὸς
 λαροτέρων μαλακῶν πίεεν ἐκ στομάτων

Let vines in clustering beauty wreath'd
 Drop all their treasures on his head,
 Whose lips a dew of sweetness breath'd,
 Richer than vine hath ever shed'

• Epigrams

When fate ha^d once our doom decreed,
Then dying w^ould be death indeed;
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine !

“ *And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, etc.]* The original here is corrupted, the line *ὡς ὁ Διονύσου*, etc., is unintelligible

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus--

ὡς ὁ Διονύσοιο Νελασμενος ουποτε λωμων
(see Brunck, *Analecta Veter. Poet. Græc.* vol. ii.).

Epigrams

ΤΟΥ ΑΤΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΤΤΟΝ.

ΕΤΑΔΕΙΣ ἐν φθιμενοῖσιν, Ἀνακρεον, ἐσθλα
πονησας

εὔδει δ' ἡ γλυκερὴ νυκτιλαλὸς κιθαρα, •
εὔδει καὶ Σμερδὶς, τὸ Πόθων εἶαρ, ὦ σὺ
μελισδῶν,

βαρβιτ', ἀνεκροῦν τεκτὰρ ἐναρμονίον.

ἤθεον γὰρ Ἑρώτος ἐφύε σκόπος· ἐς δὲ σε
μουνον

τοῖα τε καὶ σκολίως εἶχεν ἔκηβολίας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd
their flight,

And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth ;

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each
lingering night,

Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth !

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night
etc.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-
speaking lyre" of the bard is represented as not
yet silent even after his death. '

ὥς ὁ φιλακρητὸς τε καὶ οἰνοβάρης φιλοκῶμος
παννυχίος κρουοί¹ τὴν φιλοπαιδὰ χελεν.

Σιμωνίδῳ, εἰς Ἀνακρεοντα.

¹ Brunck has κρουῶν; but κρουοί, the common reading,
better suits a detached quotation.

Epigrams

She too, for wh[']m that harp profusely shed
 The purest nectar of its numbers,
 She, the young spring of thy desires, hath
 fled,
 ' And with her blest Anacreon slumbers !

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
 To joys he lov'd on earth so well
 Still shall his spirit, all the night,
 Attune the wild, aerial shell !

She, the young spring of thy love, etc.] The original, το Ἰσθὺν εἶπας, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously and feel that the poet's mistress Eurypyle would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager is already quoted and in another epigram by Antipater

ἔγρα δὲ δερκούμενισσι ἐν οἰμασσι οἶλον αἰδοῖς,
 αἰθιττωὶ Λιπαρῆς ἀνθος ἐπὶ ῥοῦ κομῆς,
 ἥε πρὸς Γίριπινῃ τετραμμεῖος . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
 Eurypyle, thy soul's desire,
 Basking her beauties in the ray
 That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire !

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
 Her every grace that warms and blesses,
 Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
 The beaming glory of her tresses.

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Farewell ! thou had'st a pulse for every dart
That mighty Love could scatter from his
quiver ;

And each new beauty found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy heart and soul,
didst give her !

The expression here *αυθός κομης*, 'the flower of the hair,' is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus *Ἀνacreus δ' ἀπαλῆς ἀμείψεται αὐθός*.

*the first ten to fifteen miles, etc.] Thus says Brunck, in the prologue to the *Storia di Pisa*—*

Cantus credis Pergisium noctu

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line and Casaubon has defended it but "nectu" is, I think, much more spirited.

Ποτε δὲ ἡ ἀντιθέσις ἐστὶν ἐν τῇ φύσει καὶ οὐκ ἐν τῇ ἐξουσίᾳ;
ἐφίς σκοπος ὁ κοινὴν ἐν τῇ φύσει καὶ οὐκ ἐν τῇ ἐξουσίᾳ.
latoi is Burn. very falsely interpret it.

Vincentius Ob opus upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "*male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni*."

And ask not beauty found in the heart, etc.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the

Epigrams

original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, *γυναικων ηπεροπειμα*.

Τον δε γυναικειων μελεων πλεξαντα ποτ' ωδας,
'Ηδυν Ανακρειοντα,¹ Τεως εις 'Ελλαδ' ανηγεν,
Σιμποσιων ερεθισμα. *γυναικων ηπεροπειμα*.

Greece gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving

When in nightly banquets sporting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
When with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

¹ Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard—
Blundus, suavis loquus, dulcis Anacreon.

NOTES

ODE 1

This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilus have been misled by the words *Τοι αὐτοῦ βασιλικῶς* in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire.

Through the mist of soft desire. "How could he know at the first look (says Baxter, that the poet was *φιλέωνος*?" There are surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and the following are the indices, which the physiognomist gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon: *ὀφθαλμοὶ κλυζόμενοι, κυμαίνοντες ἐν αἵτοις, εἰς ἀφροδισία καὶ εὐπαθείαν ἐπτογνύται. οὐτε δὲ ἀδικοὶ, οὐτε κακουργοὶ, οὐτε ψευσεὺς φανίλης, οὐτε ἀμοινοὶ (Adamantius).* "The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and

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beneficence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry.

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful (vide *Physiog. nom. Johan. Baptist. Porta*).

I took the same idea, which is in Latin

But it is of him etc.] Philostratus has the same thought in one of his *Ερωτικά* where he speaks of the garland which he had sent to his mistress. *Εἰ δὲ βούλει τι φίλῳ χαρίσθαι, τὰ λειψάνῃ αἰτιπεμψόν, μηκέτι πνεόντα ῥόδων μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ σοι.* "If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only but of thee!" Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the *Ode* remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's.

But thou thereon didst only breathe

And sent it back to me

Since when it looks and smells I swear,

Not of itself but thee!

And it is of her etc.] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, occurs in an epigram of the seventh book of the *Anthologia*.

Εἴστε καὶ πᾶσι συνισταίσα Χάριτ' ἄνω

Λαβὼν τοῖς ἰδίοις ἀμφεβαλε στεφανοῖς,

Περὶ οὐδὲν δαπτει με

Notes

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
 'Twas then thy fingers slyly stole
 Upon my brow thy wreath of thine,
 Which since has madden'd all my soul.

ODE II

Proclaim the laws of the festal } The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. *Antigon* here is the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those who consider *πικρα θεσμων* as an inversion of *θεσμοις και πικρα*.

ODE III

La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

ODE IV

This ode *Julius Gallus* tells us was performed at an entertainment where he was present.

While among the happy throng } I have availed myself here of the additional line given in the Vatican manuscript which have not been accurately inserted in any of the ordinary editions.

Ποιησον αρπελος μοι
 και βοτριας και αιτων
 • και μαιναδας τρυφισας.
 Ποιει δε ληνονοινοι,

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Αηνοματας πατοιυντας,
 Τους βατιρους γελωτας,
 Και χρυσους σους ερωτας,
 Και Κιθερην γελωσαν,
 Όμου καλω Αιαιω,
 • Ερωτα κ' Αφροδιτην.

ODE V

Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Cælius Calpurnius, in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring.

Tornabis annulum mihi

Et labre, et apte, et commode, etc. etc.

[*Let Love be there, without his arms, etc.*] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of *Gallus nell' Arcadia*—

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
 Senza fiammelle, o strali,
 Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,

A train of naked Cupids came,

Sporting around in harmless ring,

Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the *Perseidum Veneris*—

Ite nymphæ, posite arma, feriatus est amor.

Love disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray,

Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

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*But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boy.*] An allusion to the fable that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon himself explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro disco
A Giacinto fiaccò il collo.

ODE VI

This beautiful fiction, which the commentators have attributed to Julian, a royal poet, the Vatican MS. pronounces to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has, indeed, all the features of the parent—

et facile insciis
Noscitur ab omnibus.

*Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.*] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius—

Florentes dum forte vagans thea Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratis lilia cana rosis,

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Ecce rosas inter lapitantem invenit Amorem
 Et simul annexis floribus implicuit
 Luctatus primo, et contra tentantibus alis
 Indomitus tentat solvere vincla pueri
 Mox ubi lacteolis et dignis matris papillas
 Vidit et ora ipsos nata movere Deos,
 Impositosque comi ambrosios ut sentit odores
 Quosque legit diti mense beatus Arabs
 "I (dixit mater, quæ tu novum tibi miter, Amorem,
 Imperio sedes hæc erit apta meæ

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
 A wreath of many mingled flowers wove,
 Within a rose a sleeping Love she found,
 And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound
 Awhile he struggled and impatient tried
 To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied
 But when he saw her bosom's radiant swell,
 Her features where the eye of Love might dwell,
 And caught the ambrosial odours of her hair
 Rich as the breathings of Arabian air
 'Oh' mother Venus said the raptur'd child,
 By charms of more than mortal bloom beguil'd,
 Go seek another boy thou'st lost thine own,
 Hyella's arms shall now be Cupid's throne!

This epigram of Nigernus is imitated by
 Lodovico Dolce in a poem beginning—

Mentre raccogli hor uno, hor altro fiore
 Vicini a un no di chiare et lucide ponde
 Lidia, etc etc

Notes

ODE VII

Alberti has imitated this ode in a poem beginning—

Nisa mi dice e Clori
 First, tu se pur veglio

Whether of cline has the I m j h m

I m sure I n th r k n u r r] Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here

Λγω δε τας κ λας μεν
 Ιττιν ειτ απηλθοι
 Οικ οιδα

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner —

Ipsa quis sit u tum sit in non sit id quoque
 nescit

Longepierre was a good critic but perhaps the line which he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very commendable At the same time I confess that none of the Latin poets have ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into mere vulgar licentiousness

That still 65 death app? i hes n irei,
I n joys of life are sweeter, de n r] Pontanus has

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a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age—

Quid rides, Matrona? senem quid temnis
amantem?

Quisquis amat nullâ est conditione senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?

Lady dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

ODE VIII

“The German poet Lessing has imitated this ode, vol. i. p. 24” (Degen; Gail, *De Editionibus*).

Baxter conjectures that this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Polycrates, according to the anecdote in Stobæus.

I care not for the idle state

Of Persia's king, etc.] “There is a fragment of Archilochus in Plutarch, ‘De tranquillitate animi,’ which our poet has very closely imitated here; it begins—

‘Ου μοι τα Γυγῶ τοι πολυχρῖσου μελει” (Barnes).
In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought—

Ψυχὴν ἐμὴν ἐρωτῶ,
Τι σοι θελεῖς γενεσθαι;
Θελεῖς Γυγῶ τὰ καὶ τὰ.

*Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.]* In the original,

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μυρσισι καταβρεχειν ὑπηνην. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents. But he should have known that this was an ancient Eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez, monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe,¹ célébré par le prophete Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours" (lettre 12). Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angelianus has not thought the idea inconsistent, having introduced it in the following lines -

Hæc mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,

Et curas multo delapidare mero.

Hæc mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo

Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

'This be my care, to wreathe my brow with flowers,

To drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;

To pour rich perfumes o'er my beard in showers,

And give full loose to mirth and joy of soul! •

ODE IX

The poet is here in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is indeed "amabilis insania"—

Furor di poesia,

Di lascivia, e di vino,

¹ "Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aarons Pseaume 133."

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Triplicato furore,
Bacco, Apollo, et Amore
(*Riti qti del Cavaliere Minto*).

This is truly, as Scaliger expresses it—

. . . Insanire dulce
Et sapidum lures furorem

ODE X

This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, *Schweizer Lieder* lib. ii. carm. 5, that Ramler also has imitated it, *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. iv. p. 335, and some others (see Gail, *De Filiationibus*).

We are here referred by Degen to that dull book, *The Epistles of Alcephron*, tenth epistle, third book, where Iophon complains to Eraston of being awakened by the crowing of a cock from his vision of riches.

Silly swallow, prating thing, etc.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialised, thus Nicostatus—

Εἰ το συνεχὺς καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ταχέως λαλεῖν
• Ἦν του φρονεῖν παρασημον, αἱ χελιδόνες
Ἰλέγοντ' ἂν ἡμῶν σωφρονεστέραι πολὺ.

If in prating from morning till night
A sign of old wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

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Or, as Tereus did, of old, etc.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many, respectable authorities among the ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

ODE XI

It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel, indeed, that the translation must appear vapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

And I can no longer keep

Little gods, who murder sleep'] I have not literally rendered the epithet *παρτορικτα*, if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn with warm desire,

Or thou, my boy - in yonder fire.] From this Longepierre conjectures that, whatever Anacreon might say, he felt sometimes the inconvenience of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

ODE XII

They tell how Atys, wild with love,

Roams the mount and haunted grove;] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele

Notes

and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury or Cybele's jealousy, is a point upon which authors are not agreed.

Cybel's name he has not given, etc.] I have here adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele—

In montibus Cybelen
Magno onans boatu

Oft too, by Glirce hallor'd spring, etc.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger thus alludes to it in his *Tractatus*—

Semel ut concitus æstio,
Veluti qui Claras aquas
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

While floating hours, etc.] Spalletti has quite mistaken the import of *κορσθεῖς* as applied to the poet's mistress—“*Mei fatigatus amicâ;*”—thus interpreting it in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry, if not, perhaps, both.

ODE XIII

And what did I, unthinking do?

I took to arms, undaunted, too:] Longepierre has here quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in

Notes

which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

Ωπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι σπερνοισι λογισμον.

(Ὀυδὲ με νικῆσει, μόνος ἔων, πρὸς ἑνα·

Θνατὸς δ' ἀθανάτῳ συνελείσονται· ἤν δὲ βοηθὸν

Βαλχὸν ἔχη, τί μοῖρος πρὸς δυν' ἐγὼ δύναιμαι·)

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
'Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd:
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior, what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so truly Anacreontic that its introduction here may be pardoned. It is an imitation, indeed, of our poet's Sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume

Ove giuro, Pastor, che bevend' io

Bever le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,

Ch'or con l'humide piume

Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.

Ma che sarei s'io lo bevessi un giorno.

Bacco, nel tuo liquore?

Sarei, piu che non sono ebro d'Amore

The urchin of the bow and quiver

Was bathing in a neighbouring river,

Where, as I drank on yester-eve,

(Thepherd-youth, the tale believe,,

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"I was not a cooling, crystal draught,
"I was liquid flame I madly quaff'd ;
For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide ;
And now the wily, wanton minion
Plays found my heart with restless pinion.
A day it was of fatal star,
But ah, 'twere even more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this flutt'ring, young desire :
'Then, then indeed my soul would prove,
Ev'n more than ever, drunk with love !

And, having now no other dart,

He shot himself into my heart !] Dryden has
parodied this thought in the following extra-
vagant lines —

. . . I'm all o'er Love ;
Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

ODE XIV

The poet in this catalogue of his mistresses means nothing more than, by a lively hyperbole, to inform us that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called *The Chronicle* ; and the learned Menage has imitated it in a Greek

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Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here—

ΠΡΟΣ ΒΙΩΝ.

Εἰ ἀλσεων τα φίλλα,
Λειμωνίους τε ποίας,
Εἰ νυκτὸς ἀστρα πάντα,
Παραλτίους τε ψαμμοῖς,
Ἄλλος τε λιματωδῇ,
Δυνῇ, Βιῶν, ἀριθμεῖν,
Καὶ τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐρωτὰς
Δυνῇ, Βιῶν, ἀριθμεῖν.
Κορῇ, γυναικᾷ, Χηρᾷ,
Σμικρῇ, Μεσῇ, Μεγίστῃ,
Λευκῇ τε καὶ Μελαινᾷ,
Ορειάδας Ναπαιᾷ
Χηρηΐδας τε πασᾷ^ο
Ὅ σὸς φίλος φιλήσῃ.
Παντῶν κορὸς μὲν ἐστίν.
Λιτῇ νεῶν Ἐρωτῶν,
Δεσποινᾷ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
Χρυσῇ, καλῇ, γλυκείᾳ,
Ἐρασμίᾳ, ποθεινῇ,
Αἰ μόνῃ φιλῆσαι
Ἐγωγε μὴ δοναίμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore,

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Then, my Bion, thou mayst count
 Of my loves the vast amount
 I've been loving, all my days,
 Many nymphs in many ways,
 Virgin widow maid and wife
 I've been doting all my life
 Nuns Nereids nymphs of fountains
 Goddesses of groves and mountains
 Fair and sible great and small,
 Yes I swear I've loved them all!
 Soon was every passion over
 I was but the moment's lover,
 Oh! I'm such a loving elf
 That the Queen of Love herself
 Though she practis'd all her wiles,
 Rosy blushes wreathed smiles,
 All her beauty's proud endeavour
 Could not charm my heart for ever

Criticism of the Poet

By leaf etc.] This figure is called by
 rhetoricians the Impossible (*adūratōi*) and is
 very frequently made use of in poetry. The
 imitatory writers have exhausted a world of
 imagery by it to express the infinite number of
 kisses which they require from the lips of their
 mistresses in the *Citullus* led the way

— Quam sidera multa, cum ta et nox,
 Furtivos hominum vident amores,

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Tam te basia multa basiare
 Vesano satis, et super. Catullo est
 Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
 Possint nec mala fascinare lingua
 (cum 7)

As many stellar eyes of light,
 As through the silent waste of night,
 Gazing upon this world of shade,
 Witness some secret youth and maid,
 Who fair is thou and fond is I,
 In stolen joys enmould'd lie
 So many kisses ere I slumber,
 Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number
 So many kisses we shall count,
 Envy can never tell the amount
 No tongue shall blab the sum but mine
 No lips shall fascinate but thine !

In the sum I Corinthian (102,

Where rich countess sum mine, etc.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and their constant prayer was that the gods should increase the number of her worshippers. We may perceive from the application of the verb *κοινωθῆσθαι* in Aristophanes that the lubricity of the Corinthians had become proverbial.

*'Thou, indeed, art nymphs divine,
 Dangerous to a soul like mine']* 'With justice

Notes

has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece" (Degen).

M. De Pauw, the author of *Dissertations upon the Greeks*, is of a different opinion: he thinks that, by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty; and by this supposition endeavours to account for a very singular depravation of instinct among that people.

Gades' swarm, dancing train;] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladières of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs" (Raynal, *Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes*).

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial—

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat
(lib. iii. epig. 63).

Lydovic Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus" (see the *Anthologia Italorum*).

ODE XV

The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from

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the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the author of *The Pleasures of Memory* a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject -

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove

The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
(see the poem). Daniel Heinsius in speaking of Dousa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden, expresses a similar sentiment—

Quo patriæ non tendit amor? Mandata referre

Postquam hominem nequit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us that at the siege of Jerusalem the Christians intercepted a letter tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian emperor promised assistance to the besieged (*Holy War*, cap. 24, book i.).

She, whose eye has madden'd many, etc.] For *τυραννον* in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read *τυραννον*, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polycrates (see Degen).

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Venus, for a hymn of love,

Warbled in her volitive grove, etc.] “This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that anything so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man, from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!” (Longepierre).

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a licence for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

ODE XVI

This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book *De Pictura Veterum*.

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano Goselini, etc. etc. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his *Anacreontica*—

Olim lepore blando
Litis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret amicus
Descripsit Venerem suam.

Notes

The Teian bard, of former days,
 Attun'd his sweet descriptive lays,
 And taught the painter's hand to trace
 His fair beloved's ev'ry grace.

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlaus, entitled *An formosa sit, docenda*, the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of womanly beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues

Mimic form and soul infus.;] I have followed here the reading of the Vatican MS. *poδeης*. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation

Della rosea arte signore.

The lovely maid that's far away.] If this portrait of the poet's mistress be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress -

Βεβληκως χρυσεην χειρας επ' Ευρυπυλην.

Paint her jetty ringlets playing,

Silky locks, like tendrils straying;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of the beauty of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his *Milesiaca*, says that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the

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Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet *καλλιπλοκαμος* to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses (see Hadrian Junius's *Dissertation upon Hair*).

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the *Polyolbion* of Drayton, Song the Second, where, observing that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired (*καλλιπλοκαμος*), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

And, if painting hath the skill

To make the spicy balm distil, etc.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: επαινῶ καὶ τὸν ενδροσον των ῥοδων, καὶ φημι γεγραφθαι αὐτα μετα τηῶ οσμης. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

Mix'd with the liquid light that lies

In Cythera's languid eyes.] Marchetti explains thus the ὑγρον of the original—

Dipingili umidetti

Tremuli e lascivetti,

Quai gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d'Amore.

Notes

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida—

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam,
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

*Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.*] Thus Propertius (eleg. 3, lib. ii.)—

● Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant in a little poem, called *The Mistress*—

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus—

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the “blushing white” of the translation.

Notes

Then her lip, so rich in blisses,

Sweet petitioner for kisses.] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of *χειλῆ μαλθακά προς τὰ φιλήματα*, "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with the apparent authority of experience that "*Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris.*" And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularises the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips thus: "*Os parvum decensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima*" (epist. 114, lib. i.).

Next, beneath the velvet chin,

Whose dimple hides a Love within, etc.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro—

*Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulō
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.*

In her chin is a delicate dimple.

By Cupid's own finger imprest ;

There Beauty, bewitchingly simple,

Has chosen her innocent nest.

Now let a floating, lucid veil,

Shadow her form, but not conceal, etc.] This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to

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complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionally minute, and Politianus, in his charming portrait of 'a girl,' full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. 'The *questo che tu m'intendi*' should be always left to fancy.

ODE XVII

The reader who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius's *De Pictura Veterum*, lib. 3. cap. 9. where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections. Junius compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book, of Sidonius Apollinarius.

Let his hair, in masses bright,

Fall like flowing ring of light, etc.] He here describes the sunny hair, the *flava coma*, which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair (see Stanisł Kobienzyck, *d. Luxe Romaine*).

Let no careless, careless time, etc.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's adumbration of it (see his letters to West).

Notes

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

But flush'd with manhood's early glow,

And guileless as the dew of dawn, etc.] Torrentius, upon the words "insignem tenui fronte," in Horace, od. 33, lib. i., is of opinion, incorrectly I think, that "tenui" here bears the same meaning as the word *απαλον*.

Mix in his eyes the power alike,

With love to win, with awe to strike, etc.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda—

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were flashing with a heavenly heat,
A fire that, even in anger, still was sweet.

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression—

Occhi lucenti e belli,
Come esser puo ch' in un medesimo istante
Nascan de voi si nuove forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil', altieri,
Vi mostrate in un punto, onde di speme,
Et di timor, de empiete, etc. etc.

Oh! tell me, brightly beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie

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So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire.
Now with pride or scorn you darkle,
Now with love, with gladness, sparkle,
While we who view the varying mirror,
Feel by turns both hope and terror. •

Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan. Falconis Anacreontici Lusus."

That Eloquence would claim her own;] In the original, as in the preceding ode, Pitho, the goddess of persuasion, or eloquence. It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse—

Οὐδ' ἀργυρεὴ ποτ' ἐλαμψε Πειθῶ.
Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

And let the lips, though silent, wear

A life-look, as if words were there.] In the original, λαλῶν σιωπῇ. The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silenzio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

No es

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, etc.] In Shakspeare's "Cymbeline" there is a similar method of description— :

*

. . . this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
'The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in "Hamlet." Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacron on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterise the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

. . . But hold—*forbear*—

I see the sun god's portrait there;] The abrupt turn here is spirited, but requires some explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacron, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos. He then instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus, and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

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ODE XVIII

An elegant translation of this ode, says Degen, may be found in Rampler's *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. v. p. 403.

Bring me wine in brimming urns, etc.] Orig. *πικρὸν ἀμυστι*. The amystis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, *Threiciâ vinat amystide*; Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, etc. etc.

Parrhasius in his twenty-sixth epistle (*Theaur., Critic.* vol. i.) explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but adds no reference.

Give me all those humid flowers, etc.] According to the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine"—*Date flosculos Lyxi*, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
Di quel almo e buon liquore,

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. The word *ἄνθος* would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles—

Εσβεσθης γεραιε Σοφοκλεες, ἄνθος αἰδῶν,
and *flos* in the Latin is frequently applied in the

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same manner: thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, “Flos inlibatus populi, suadæque medulla” (The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion) (see these verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii., which Cicero praised and Seneca thought ridiculous).

But in the passage before us, if we admit *εκτείνων*, according to Faber’s conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, without having recourse to such refinements.

Every dewy rose I wear

Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here—

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti;
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

By Celia’s arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover’s vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

In the poem of Mr. ‘Sheridan’s, “Uncouth is this Moss-covered Grotto of Stone,” there is an

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idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus—

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Some lingering drops of the night-fallen dew ;
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and they'll
serve
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

But to you, my burning heart, etc. | The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

ODE XIX

The description of this bower is so natural and animated that we almost feel a degree of coolness and freshness while we peruse it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia the following epigram as somewhat resembling this ode—

Ερχεο και κατ' εμαν ιζειν πιτυν, α το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακους ηχει λεκλιμενα ζεφυρους.
Ηνιδε και κρονησιμα μελισταγες, ενθα μελισδω
Ήδυν ερημαιοις ιπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat ;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of zephyr to meet.

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See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
 Around me a glittering spray :
 * By its brink, as the traveller muses,
 I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

[*Here is in you, gentle maid, etc.*] The Vatican MS. reads βαθυλλου, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of βαθιλλου, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy Αστηρ (see the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode).

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Lactitius, which turns upon the same word.

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν εως.
 Νυν δε θανων λαμπεις εσπερος εν φθιμενοισ.
 In life thou wert my morning star,
 But now that death has stol'n thy light,
 Alas! thou shinest dim and far.

Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the *Pensées Blanches*, under the head of "Allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the Middle Ages.

Who, my girl, would pass it by?

Surely neither you nor I.] The finish given to the picture by this simple exclamation *τις αν ουν ορων παρελθαι* is inimitable. Yet a French

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translator says on the passage, "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

ODE XX

The poet appears, in this graceful allegory, to describe the softening influence which poetry holds over the mind in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty. In the following epigram, however, by the philosopher Plato (*Diog. Laert.* lib. 3), the Muses are represented as disavowing the influence of Love.

Ἄ Κυπρις Μοισαῖσι, κορασῖα, τὰν Ἀφροδίταν
Τίματ', ἢ τὸν Ἥρωτα ἱμῖν εἰσὸπλίσσεται.
Αἱ Μοῖσαι ποτὶ Κυπρίν, Ἄρει τὰ στῶμιλ' αὐταῖα
Ἦμιν οὐ πέταται τοῖτο τὸ παιδάριον.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids";
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms—
"Or Love shall flutter through your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian
arms!"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bowers,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

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Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome **Amore**
Dell' alma donna della vita mia :
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, nè volea uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
e Si, che per forza ancor convien che stia :
'Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.
Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede :
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea ;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Found, at each step, such sweet delays,
'That rapt he linger'd there.

And how, indeed, was Love to fly, e
Or how his freedom find,
When every ringlet was a tie,
A chain, by Beauty twin'd ?

In vain to seek her boy's release,
Comes Venus from above :
Fond mother, let thy efforts cease,
Love's now the slave of Love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
'The prisoner would return again ! '

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^{*}
*His mother comes, with many a toy,
 To ransom her beloved boy, etc.]* In the first idyl
 of Moschus, Venus thus proclaims the reward for
 her fugitive child—

Ὁ μανντὰς γέρας ἔξει,
 Μισθὸς τοι, τὸ φίλαμα τὸ Κυπριδὸς· ἢ δ', ἀγαθὴς
 νιν

Οὐ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλαμα, τὴν δ', ὡς ζῆναι, καὶ πλὴν ἔξεις.

On him who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
 A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
 But he who can bring back the urchin in chains,
 Shall receive even something more sweet for his
 pains.

Subjoined to this ode we find in the Vatican
 MS. the following lines, which appear to me to
 boast as little sense as metre, and which are most
 probably the interpolation of the transcriber—

Ἡδυμελὲς Ἀνακρεῶν
 Ἡδυμελὲς δὲ Σαπφῶ
 Ἰνδαριον τὸ δὲ μοι μέλος
 Συγκερασάς τις ἐγχείοι
 Τὰ τρία ταῦτα μοι δοκεῖ
 Καὶ Διονύσος εἰσελθὼν
 Καὶ Πάφῃ παραχρῶς
 Καὶ αὐτὸς Ἔρως καὶ ἐπιείν.

ODE XXI

Those critics who have endeavoured to throw
 the chains of precision over the spirit of this

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beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy. Among others, Gail very sapiently thinks that the poet uses the epithet *μελαινη*, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject (see Gail's notes).

One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode in an epitaph on a drunkard—

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.
Sic hibit assidue fontes et flumina Pontus,
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da victas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.
(Hippolytus Capilupus.)

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude—

I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

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Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
'The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
'That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrements.

(*Turan of Ath m.* act iv. sc. 3.)

ODE XXII

. . . *A sleeping matron's form*. | Niobe. — Ogilvie in his essay on the "Lyric Poetry of the Ancients," in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says: "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites: that is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful Muse; "ludit amabiliter." The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious

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conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select the following epigram of Dionysius—

Εἰθ' ἀνεμος γενομένη, σὺ δὲ γὰρ στειχούσα παρ' αὐγᾶς,
Στήθεα γυμνώσῃς, καὶ με πνεόντα λαβούς.

Εἴθε ῥόδον γενομένη ἵποπομφύρον, σφρα με χερσὶν
Ἀραμενῇ, κομισαὶς στήθεσι χιονέοις.

Εἴθε κρίνον γενομένη λευκοχρόον, σφρα με χερσὶν
Ἀραμενῇ, μάλλον σῆς χροτῆς κορέσῃς.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest ;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
And take me panting to thy breast !

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower.
To place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower.

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm,
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form !

I may add that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius—

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς, Ἀστὴρ ἐμὸς. εἴθε γενομένην
Οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὀμμασὶν εἰς σε βλέπω.

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TO STELLA

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye,
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus (see his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon: "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos Teius quidam," etc. etc.).

Or, better still, the zone, that lies

Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs.] This *ταυτην* was a riband, or band, called by the Romans *fascia* and *strophium*, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom (*vide* Polluc. *Onomast.*). Thus Martial—

Fasciâ crescentes dominæ compesce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom (see Dioscorides, lib. v.).

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Nay, sandals for those airy feet—

Ev'n to be trod by them πικρὸν στίχον !] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought : *ω αἰετοὶ πόδες, ω καλλὸς ἐλευθερός, ω τρισευδαιμῶν ἐγὼ καὶ μακάριος εἰάν πατήσετε με.*—
“ Oh lovely feet ! oh excellent beauty ! oh ! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me ! ” In Shakspeare, Romeo desires to be a glove—

Oh ! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek !

And, in his *Passionate Pilgrim*, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line—

He, spying her, bounc'd in, where as he stood,
“ O love ! ” quoth she, “ why was not I a flood ? ”

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, that whimsical fatrigo of “ all such reading as was never read,” we find a translation of this ode made before 1632. — “ Englished by Mr. B. Holiday in his *Tichnag* act i. sc. 7.”

ODE XXIII

According to the order in which the odes are usually placed, this (Θέλω λεγεῖν Ἀτρείδας) forms the first of the series : and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest. It, however, characterises the genius of the Teian

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but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it—

. . . cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Precepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis (Ovid).

The twenty-sixth Ode, *Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Οἴηθης*, might, with just as much propriety, be placed at the head of his songs.

We find the sentiments of the ode before us expressed by Bion with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. The above translation is perhaps too paraphrastical; but the ode has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire,

To Hercules I wake the lyre!] Madame Dacier generally translates *λύρη* into a lute, which I believe is inaccurate. “D’expliquer la lyre des anciens (says M. Sorel) par un luth, c’est ignorer la différence qu’il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique” (*Bibliothèque Française*).

But still its fainting sighs repeat,

“*The tale of love alone is sweet!*”] The word *αντεφωνει* in the original may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes; “ὅταν τὴν λῆραν ἐρωτᾷ Σαπφῶ, καὶ ὅταν αὐτὴ ἀποκρίνηται” (*Περὶ Ἰδεῶν, τομ. δευτ.*).

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ODE XXIV

Henry Stephen has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems—

Provida dat, cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Ét sua fœmineum possidet arma genûs,
Ungulique ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua
taurum.
Armata est formâ fœmina pulchra suâ.

And the same thought occurs in those lines spoken by Corisca in *Pastor Fido*—

Così noi la bellezza
Ch' è virtù nostra così propria, come
La forza del leone,
E l'ingegno de l' huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heav'n assign'd.

“An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm's *An den Anmerk über einige Oden des Anakr.*”

*To man she gave in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.]* In my first attempt to translate this ode I had interpreted φρονημα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the

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gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the deficiency of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

. . . the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

She gave thee beauty – mightier far

Than all the pomp and power of war.] Thus Achilles Tatius: καλλος οξύτερον τιτρωσκει βελους, και δια των οφθαλμων εις την ψυχην καταρρει. Οφθαλμος γαρ οδος ερωτικω τραυματι. “Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love.”

Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,

Smile, and a world is weak before thee!] Longepierre's remark here is ingenious: “The Romans,” says he, “were so convinced of the power of beauty that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2. sc. 2, Bacchid—

“Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

“Fortis, id est formosa,” say Servius and Nonius.”

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ODE XXV

We have here another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem beginning—

Perch' io pianga al tuo canto,
Randinella importun, etc.

*Alas! unlike the swarm of loves,
That brood twithin this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!]* Thus Love
is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by
Longepierre from the Anthologia—

Αἶει μοι δυνεῖ μεν εν ουσιν ηχος ερωτος,
Ομμα δε σιγα ποθοις το γλυκυ δακρυ φερει.
Ουδ' ἡ νυξ, ου φεγγος κοιμισεν, αλλ' ὑπο φιλτρων
Ιδε που κραδιη γνωστος ενεστι τυπος.
Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' επιπτασθαι μεν ερωτες
Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουθ' ὅσον ισχυετε.

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my soul hath rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.
Oh, bird of Love! with song so dear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
But let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

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ODE XXVI

"The German poet Uz has imitated this ode; compare also Weisse, *Schweiz. Lieder*, lib. iii., der Soldat"; Gail, Degen.

No—'twas from eyes of liquid blue

A host of quiver'd Cupids flit;] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this.

Οὐ με λεληθας,

Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Archer Love! though slyly creeping,

Well I know where thou dost lie;

I saw thee through the curtain peeping,

That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

ODE XXVII

This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS., but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately. "Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler, 'Wahrzeichen der Liebe' in *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. iv. p. 313."

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*But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies ;]* "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers--

Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

M. La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon--

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment.
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame that in his bosom lies ;
His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes :
And while his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks ev'n more than they.

ODE XXVIII

This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called *Hexameron Rustique*. He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs (*Journée Quatrième*).

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*While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;]* Thus
Claudian—

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See Alciatus, emblem 91, on the close connection which subsists between sweets and bitterness. “Apes ideo pungunt (says Petronius), quia ubi dulce, ibi et acidum invenies.”

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy —

. . . ferox et Cupido
• Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of
hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet “cruentâ” —

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas? (eleg. 1).

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ODE XXIX

Ὅτι—loving is a painful thing,
And not to love more painful still, etc.] The following Anacreontic, addressed by Menage to Daniel Huet, enforces with much grace the “necessity of loving”—

Περὶ τοι οἶνον φιλεῖσαι.
 Πρὸς Πέτρον Δανιηλὰ Τίττον.

Μεγα θάιμα τῶν αἰδῶν,
 Χαρίτων θαλός, Ὕττε,
 Φιλεῶμεν, ὦ ἑταίρε.
 Φιλεῖσαν οἱ σοφισταί.
 Φιλεῖσε σεμνὸς ἀνὴρ,
 Τὸ τέκνον τοῦ Σωφρονισκοῦ,
 Σοφίης πατὴρ ἀπάσης.
 Τὶ δ' ἀνευ γένοιτ' Ἔρως ;
 Ἀκονὴ μὲν ἐστὶ ψυχῆς.¹
 Ἡπεριγέσσιν εἰς Ὀλύμπον,
 Καταλειμένοις ἀναιρεῖ.
 Βραδεῶς τετηγμένοισι
 Βελέεσι ἐξαγείρει.
 Πυρὶ λαμπάδος φαεινῷ
 Ρυπαρωτέρους λαθαίρει.
 Φιλεῶμεν οὖν, Ὕττε,

¹ This line is borrowed from an epigram by Alpheus of Mitylene which Menage, I think, says somewhere he was himself the first to produce to the world—

ψυχῆς ἐστὶν Ἔρως ἀκον.

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Φιλεωμεν ω ἱταίρε.
Αδίκως δε λαιδοροῦντι
Αγίους ἐρωτας ἡμῶν
Καλον ἐνξομαι το μουνον,
'ἵνα μη διναιτ' ἐκείνος
Φιλεειν τε και φιλεισθαι. ●

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nurs'd;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wise of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy love would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refined
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies,
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!

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And when hearts, from loving free,
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

ODE XXX

Barnes imagines from this allegory that our poet married very late in life. But I see nothing in the ode which alludes to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

ODE XXXI

The design of this little fiction is to intimate that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love! Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similitude to this ode—

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me sævus Amor pressum, sursumque capillis
Excitat, et lacerum pervigilare jubet.

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Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
Solutus lo, solus, dure jacere potes?
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rursumque redire
Pœnitet, et pudor est stare via mœlia.
Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
Solutus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, sœve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
And forc'd me many a weary way to tread.
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are
known,
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
I rise and follow: all the night I stray,
Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way;
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard,
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wander the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

*Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.] I have
followed those who read τειρεν ἰδῶς for τειρεν*

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ύδρος ; the former is partly authorised by the MS. which reads *πειρεν ιδρωσ*.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,

To my lip was faintly flying, etc.] In the original, he says his heart flew to his nose ; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lip. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich quoted by Aulus Gellius—

Την ψυχην, Αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον.

Ηλθε γαρ η τλημων ως διαβησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,

And drink thy breath, in trance divine,

My soul then flutters to my lip,

Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find a number of those *mignardises* of expression which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And fanning light his breezy pinion,

Rescued my soul from death's dominion ;] "The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any sollicitudes which he may occasion" (La Fosse).

ODE XXXII

We here have the poet in his true attributes reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture

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by making *Ερως* the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho, in one of her fragments, has assigned this office to Venus. *Ελθε, Κυπρι, χρυσεΐαισιν εν κυλικεσσιν ἄβροις συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ ἀνοχουσα τουτοις τοις ἑταίροις μοις γε και σοις.*

Which may be thus paraphrased—

Hither, Venus, queen of kisses,
 'This shall be the night of blisses ;
 'This the night, to friendship dear,
 'Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
 Fill the golden brimmer high,
 Let it sparkle like thine eye ;
 Bid the rosy current gush,
 Let it mantle like thy blush.
 Goddess, hast thou e'er above
 Seen a feast so rich in love ?
 Not a soul that is not mine !
 Not a soul that is not thine !

• “Compare with this ode (says the German commentator) the beautiful poem in Ramlø's *Lyr. Blumentese*, lib. iv. p. 296., ‘*Amor als Diener.*’” •

ODE XXXIII

M. Bernard, the author of *L'Art d'aimer*, has written a ballet called “*Les Surprises de l'Amour*,” in which the subject of the third entrée is Ana-

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creon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes (Œuvres de Bernard, *Anac.*, sc. 4).

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii., "Amor und sein Bruder"; and a poem of Kleist, "Die Heilung." La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated, this ode.

"And who art thou," I waking cry,

"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"] Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments (see the Odes x. and xxxvii.).

'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite, etc.] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

ODE XXXIV

In a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, Rapin has preserved some of the thoughts of our author—

O quæ virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidis, et herbidos
Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa ciere cantus.
Seu forte adultis floribus incubas,
Cæli caducis ebria fletibus, etc.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,

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Reclinest soft, and tun'st thy song.
The dewy herbs and leaves among !
Whether thou ly'st on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, etc.

See what Licetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 93 and 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee, etc.] "Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier) that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says, εἰτ' εἰσιν οἱ τეტτιγες οὐκ εὐδαιμονες, ὧν ταῖς γυναῖξιν οὐδ' ὅτι οὐν φωνῆς ἐνι; 'are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?' " This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make a lady my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone, etc.] Phile, *De Animal. Proprietat.* calls this insect Μουσας φίλος, the darling of the Muses; and Μουσῶν ὄρνιν, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius —

Τῶν παντῶν δ' ἡγεῖτο πλατυστάτος, ἀλλ' ἀγορητῆς
'Ἰδυεπῆς τეტτιξιν ἰσογραφός, οἱ θ' Ἑκαδημον
Δενδρεὶ ἐφεζόμενοι οὔα λειριοεσσάν ἱεῖσι.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's *Iliad*, γ, where there occurs the very same simile.

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Melodious insect, child of earth,] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan—

Ἀρκεῖ τETTIΓAS μεθυσαι δροσος, ἀλλὰ πιοντες
Ἀειδειν κυκνων εἰσι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

ODE XXXV

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl; but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spenser in one of his smaller compositions has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude begins thus —

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by hap; etc. etc.

In Almeloveen's collection of epigrams there is one by Luxorius correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity.

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The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing here another of Menagii's Anacreontics, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of the same natural simplicity which it appears to me to have preserved—

Ἔρως ποτ' ἐν χορμαῖς
 Ἰὼν παρθένων αὐτὸν,
 Τὴν μοι φίλην Κορινναν,
 ὣς εἶδεν, ὡς πρὸς αὐτὴν
 Προσεδραμὲ' τραχὺλῳ
 Διδίχαι τε χεῖρας ἀπτῶν
 Φίλει με, μητὲρ, εἰπὶ.
 Καλομένη Κοριννα,
 Μητὴρ, ἐριθμαίει.
 ὣς παρθένος μὲν οὖσα
 Κ' αἶτος δι' δι' τεχναινῶν.
 ὣς ὀμμασι πλανηθεὶς
 Ἔρως ἐριθμαίει.
 Ἐγὼ, ὅς σε παραστὰς,
 Μηδ' οὐσχεραίνε, φημί.
 Κυπριν τε καὶ Κορινναν
 Διαγνώσσει οἱ ἔχουσι
 Καὶ οἱ βλέποντες οἶον.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
 The flow'ret of the virgin train,

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My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
Saying, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving—
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame!
It made ev'n Cupid blush with shame.
"Be not asham'd, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd.
And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto in his *Capricciosi Pensieri* has given a translation of this ode of Anacreon.

ODE XXXVI

Fontenelle has translated this ode in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where, on weighing the merits of both these personages, he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of this ode are, Lessing,

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in his poem, 'Gestern Brüder,' etc. : Gleim, in the ode, 'An den Tod'; and Schmidt in *Der Poet. Blumenl.*, Gotting. 1783, p. 7" (Degen).

That when Death came with shadowy pinion,

To waft me to his bleak dominion, etc.] The commentators who are so fond of disputing *de lanâ caprinâ*, have been very busy on the authority of the phrase *ἐν' αὐθαρσείᾳ ἐπελθῆναι*. The reading of *ἐν' αὐθαρσείᾳ ἐπελθῆναι*, which De Medenbach proposes in his *Amœnitates Literariæ*, was already hinted by La Fevre, who seldom suggests anything worth notice.

The goblet rich, the board of friends,

Whose social souls the goblet blinds;] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Ὑγιαίνειν μὲν ἀριστον ἀνδρὶ θνήτω. Δευτερον δὲ, καλὸν φησὶν γενέσθαι. Το τρίτον δὲ, πλουτεῖν ἀδολῶς. Καὶ το τέταρτον συνέβαν μετὰ τῶν φίλων.

Of mortal blessings here the first is health, •

And next those charms by which the eye we
move;

The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
And then, sweet intercourse with those we
love! •

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ODE XXXVII

“Compare with this ode the beautiful poem ‘Der Traum’ of Uz” (Degen).

Le Fevre in a note upon this ode enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which he appears to have suffered for his *Anacreon*. “Fuit olim fateor (says he in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone (*Anacreontem dico, si nescis, Lector*), noli sperare, etc. etc.” He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one who is not totally ignorant of the world can hesitate to confess the truth of—

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.

“No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man.”

When sudden all my dream of joys,

Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,

All were gone!] “Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that *Anacreon* uses—

Εγρομενος δε

Παρθενον ουκ εκιχησε, και ηθελεν θυθις ιαυειν.”

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Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
The nymph had faded from his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid.
(Longepierre.)

*"Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!"*] Doctor Johnson in his preface to *Shakspeare* animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us:—"I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

ODE XXXVIII

"Compare with this beautiful ode to Bacchus the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v., 'Das Gesellschaftliche'; and of Burger, p. 51. etc. etc." (Degen).

*Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms,
So oft has fondled in her arms.*] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cythera, the name of Venus,

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παρα το κευθειν τους ερωτας, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

Alas, alas, in ways so dark,

'Tis only wine can strike a spark'] The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia—

Λοισαμενοι, Προδιη, πικρασωμεθα, και τον ακρατον
 Έλλωμεν, κυλικας μειζονας αραμενοι.
 'Ραιος ο χαιροντων εστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
 Ιηρας λωλυσει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a paraphrase—

Let's fly, my love, from noonday's beam,
 To plunge us in yon cooling stream;
 Then, hastening to the festal bower,
 We'll pass in mirth the evening hour;
 'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,
 As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
 Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
 "Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
 For age will steal the graceful form,
 Will chill the pulse, while throbbing warm:
 And death—alas! that hearts which thrill
 Like yours or mine, should e'er be still!

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ODE XXXIX

*Snore, may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart—his heart is young.]* Saint Payin
makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young
girl—

Je sais bien que les destinees
Ont mal compassee nos annees ;
Ne regardez que mon amour ,
Peut-être en serez vous émue
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour ,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vu.

Fair and young thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told ,
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child ; and thou canst say
• How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
When first I set my eyes on thee !

ODE XL

*Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee !]* Longepierre quotes
here an epigram from the Anthologia, on account

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of the similarity of a particular phrase. Though by no means Anacreontic, it is marked by an interesting simplicity which has induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion —

Ἑλπις καὶ σὺ τυχῇ μέγα χαιρετε. τὸν λιμέν' εὖρον.
(οὐδέν μοι χ' ὑμῖν, παίζετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu;
The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destin'd shore.
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

Bacchus shall bid my twinter bloom,

And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph written upon our poet by Julian, in which he makes him promulgate the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb.

Ἰόλλακι μὲν τοδ' αἶσα, καὶ ἐκ τυμβοῦ δε βοήσω,
Πινετε, πρὶν ταυτην ἀμφιβαλῆσθε κονιν.

'This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

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ODE XLI

*And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,]* Thus
Horace—

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi (lib. iv. carm. 13).

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breath'd the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

ODE XLII

The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonised pleasures is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following: it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode—

Ο φίλος, ὅς κρητηρι παρα πλεω οἰνοποταζών,
Νεικεα καὶ πολέμον δακρυοεντα λέγει.
Ἀλλ' ὅστις Μοῦσεων τε, καὶ ἀγλαὰ δωρ' Ἀφροδίτης
Συμμισηγών, ἐρατῆς μνησκεται εὐφροσύνης.

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When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon its stream,
They banish from my board the unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the seats of war his barbarous
theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose soul expansive breathes
And blends refinement with the social hour.

ODE XLIII

*And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings, etc.]* Respecting
the barbiton a host of authorities may be collected,
which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature
of the instrument. There is scarcely any point
upon which we are so totally uninformed as the
music of the ancients. The authors¹ extant upon
the subject are, I imagine, little understood; and
certainly if one of their moods was a progression
by quarter-tones, which we are told was the
nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by
no means the characteristic of their melody; for
this is a nicety of progression, of which modern
music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus,

¹ Collected by Meibomius.

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attributed to Anacreon (see his fourth book, where it is called το εἶρημα του Ανακρεοντος). Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same; *vide* Chabot in *Horat.* on the words "Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

*And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the accents die!]* Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia—

Κουρη τις μ' ἐφίλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ἰγροῖς.
Νεκταρ ἔην το φιλημα. το γαρ στομα νεκταρος ἐπνει.
Νυν πεθυω το φιλημα, πολιν τον ἐρωτα πεπωκως.

Of which the following paraphrase may give some idea—

'The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.

'From the moment she printed that kiss,
Nor reason nor rest has been mine;
My whole soul has been drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

*It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home;—]* The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were

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personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

Alh, all are here, to hail with me

The Genius of Festivity!] Κωμος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures, gives a very lively description of this god.

ODE XLIV

This spirited poem is a eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is fancifully styled "the eye of flowers"; and the same poetess in another fragment calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of Pieria"; see the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz, 'Die Rose.'"

When with the blushing, sister Graces,

The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces is almost peculiar to Anacreon" (Degen).

I lead some bright nymph through the dance, etc.]

The epithet βαθυκολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed."

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ODE XLV

Then let us never vainly stray.

In search of thorns, from pleasure's way, etc.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of *τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι*; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line—

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in questa vita?

ODE XLVI

The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of *Ιδε πως εαρος φανεντος* is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace—

Vides ut æta stet nive candidum
Moracte . . .

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The imperative *ιδε* is infinitely more impressive ;
as in Shakspeare—

But look, the morn.^g in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of
Spring in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia
(carm. 44).

Barnes conjectures in his life of our poet that
this ode was written after he had returned from
Athens to settle in his paternal seat at Teos ;
where, in a little villa at some distance from the
city, commanding a view of the Ægean Sea and
the islands, he contemplated the beauties of
nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement
(*vid.* Barnes in *Anac. Vita*, § xxxv.). This suppo-
sition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasing
association, which renders the poem more in-
teresting.

Chevreau says that Gregory Nazianzenus has
paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring ;
but I cannot meet with it (see Chevreau, *Œuvres*
Mêlées).

“ Compare with this ode (says Degen) the
verses of Hagedorn, book fourth, ‘ Der Fruhling.’
and book fifth, ‘ Der Mai.’ ”

*While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way:]* De Pauw reads,
Χαρίτας ῥοδὰ βρυσσιν, “ the roses display their

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graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has rather frivolously objected.

The murmuring billows of the deep

Have languish'd into silent sleep, etc.] It has been justly remarked that the liquid flow of the line, *απαλυνεται γαληνη*, is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultur'd field, and winding stream, etc.] By *βρωτων εργα*, "the works of men" (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun.

ODE XLVII

But brandishing a rosy flask, etc.] *Ασκος* was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as would seem by the proverb *ασκος και θυλακος*, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

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ODE XI, VIII

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, etc.] “The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he ⁶formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine.” Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, etc. etc.

*Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight ;]* I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others—

Altri segua Marte fero ;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

ODE XLIX

“ This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely *chansons à boire* ;—the effusions probably of the moment of conviviality, and afterwards sung, we may imagine, with rapture throughout Greece. But that interesting association by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can now be little felt even by the most enthusiastic reader ;

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and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the beard,

Thaws the winter of our soul, etc.] Arator is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Aein (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

ODE L *

Faber thinks this ode spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of the original is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line —

'Οτ' εγω πτω τον οινον.

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v., 'Der Wein,' where that divine poet has wanted in the praises of wine."

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When wine I quaff, before my eyes

Dreams of poetic glory rise;] “Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. We find an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia which begins thus—

Οἶνος τοι χαριεντι μέγας πέλει ἵππος αἰδῶ,
Ἵδῶρ δὲ πινῶν, καλὸν οὐ τέκοις ἐπος.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine's the true horse of Parnassus,
Which carries a bard to the skies!

And while we dance through vernal bowers, etc.]

If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution with regard to *πολυανθεσιν μ' ἐν αὐραῖς*, “Cave ne cælum intelligas,” they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy by such extravagant conceptions as the following—

Quand je bois, mon œil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m'importe dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this—

Indi me mena
Mentre lieto ebro, deliro,
Baccho in giro +
Per la vaga aura serena.,

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When, with young revellers, round the bowl,

The old themselves grow young in soul !] Subjoined to Gail's edition of *Angrecon* we find some curious letters upon the *Θιασοι* of the ancients which appeared in the French journals. At the opening of the *Odéon* in Paris, the managers of that spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for their fêtes. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted ; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of the term, and addressed their criticisms to Gail through the medium of the public prints.

ODE I.

Alberti has imitated this ode ; and Capilupus in the following epigram has given a version of it—

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores ?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu ?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis.

Oh ! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And' fly, beloved maid, these longing arms ?

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Is it that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
While thine are all the summer's roseate charms ?

See the rich garland cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rose-bud with the lily glows ;
So, in Love's wreath we both may twine together,
And I the lily be, and thou the rose.

*See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid !*] “ In the same
manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness
of his locks from the beauty of the colour in
garlands, a shepherd in Theocritus endeavours
to recommend his black hair—

Και το ιον μελαν εστι, και α γραπτα υακινθος,
Αλλ' εμπας εν τοις στεφανοις τα πρωτα λεγονται.”
(Longepierre, Barnes, etc.)

ODE LI

“ This is doubtless the work of a more modern
poet than Anacreon ; for at the period when he
lived rhetoricians were not known ” (Degen).

Though this ode is found in the Vatican manu-
script, I am much inclined to agree in this
argument against its authenticity ; for though
the dawnings of the art of rhetoric might already
have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity

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was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. *Πασαν παιδειαν μακαριοι φειγετε*, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach me this, and let me twine

Some fond, responsive heart to mine.] By χρυσης Αφροδιτης here I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that Αυαιος is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea"; and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon—

E m' insegui con piu rare
 •Forme accorte d'involare
 Ad amabile beltade
 Il bel cinto d'onestade.

And there's an end - for ah, you know

They drink but little wine below !] Thus Mainard—

La Mort nous guette ; et quand ses lois
 Nous ont enfermés une fois
 Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
 A lieu bons vins et bon repas ;

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Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly. old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language have been borrowed."

ODE LIII

But the blush of summer's rose

Burn upon my forehead's snows, etc.] Licetus in his Hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls to his attendants for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus."—"It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152nd chapter he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus, as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. Such is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators!

He still can kiss the goblet's brim, etc.] Wine is

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prescribed by Galen as an excellent medicine for old men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat, etc."; but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenaus, which says "that wine makes an old man dance, whether he will or not."

Λογος εστ' αρχαιος, ου κακως εχων,
Οινον λεγουσι τοις γεροντας, ω πατερ,
Πειθειν χορεειν ου θελοντας.

ODE LIV

"This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa" (Madame Dacier).

It may probably have been a description of one of those coins which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes. lib. viii. cap. 23: "Sidonii numismata cum femina tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante euderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarté, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

The poet Moschus has left a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.

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*No : he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!]* Thus
Moschus—

Κρυψε θεον και τρεψε δεμας και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven. for love,
And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.

ODE LV

This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose.
“All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced
nothing more beautiful.”

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the
ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty
proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes,
according to Suidas, ῥοδα μ' ειρηκας, “You have
spoken roses,” a phrase somewhat similar to the
“dire des fleurettes” of the French. In the
same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a
very curious application of the word ῥοδον, for
which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaul-
minus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where
it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus.
Muretus in one of his elegies calls his mistress
his rose—

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo
(eleg. 8).

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Now I again may clasp thee, dearest,
What is there now, on earth, thou fearest?
Again these longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, but are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us in the beginning of his poem on "The Rose"—

Carmine digna rosa est; vellēm caneretur ut illam
Teius argutâ cecinit testudine vates.

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;] I have passed over the line *συν ἑταίρει αυξει μελπην*, which is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: *φερε δη φησιν λεγμεν*.

And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves, etc.] Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here *αφροδισιων τ' αθυρμα*, translates it: "Comme les délices et mignardises de Venus."

*Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung, etc.]* The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited

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in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. *Εἰ τοῖς ἀνθεσὶν ἠθέλειν ὁ Ζεὺς ἐπιθεῖναι βασιλεῖα, τὸ ῥόδον ἀν' τῶν ἀνθῶν ἐβασίλευε. γῆς ἐστὶ κόσμος, φυτῶν ἀγλαίσμα, οφθαλμός ἀνθῶν, λειμῶνες ἐρυθρὰ, καλλὲς ἀστράπτον. Ἔρωτος πνέει, Ἀφροδίτην προξενεῖ, εὐκρίδεται φύλλοις κομᾶ, εὐκίνητοις πετάλοισι τρυφᾷ. τὸ πετάλον τῷ Ζεφυρῷ γελᾷ.*

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of gardens, light of lawns,
Nursling of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes,
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes,
And, to young Zephyr's warm caresses,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses,
Till, blushing with the wanton's play,
Its cheek wears ev'n a richer ray!

When morning paints the orient skies,

Her fingers burn with roseate dyes, etc.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, *παρα τῶν σοφῶν*. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but

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for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon—"fuit hæc sapientia quondam."

Preserve the cold immortal day, etc.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector (Homer's *Iliad*, ψ). It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, *Theb.* lib. x. 782.

. . . Hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus, patriâque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum;

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls *ἄρως μελάνθηα*. We read in the *Hieroglyphics* of Pierius, lib. lv., that some of the ancients used to order in their wills that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and Pierius has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the waste of decay.] When he says, that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalmment (*tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ*—*Propert.* lib. i. eleg. 17), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for

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duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says that they both defy the influence of time; χρόνον δὲ οὐτε ἔρως, οὐτε ῥόδα οἶδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

*Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death!]* Thus Casper Barlaeus in his *Ritus Nuptiarum*—

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem.
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
When wither'd by the solar eye,

*With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, etc.]* The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis—

. . . Rosæ
Fusæ aprino de cruore—

ording to the emendation of Lipsius. In the

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following epigram this hue is differently accounted for—

*Illa quidem studiosa solum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia circa rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore Rosa est.*

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes ;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flow'ret feels her blood, and blushes !

ODE LVI

“ Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i. ‘Die Weinlese’ ” (Degen).

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage ; one of the *ἐπιληνιοὶ ὕμνοι*, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a sort of reverence for these classic relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

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Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,

Illuminate the sons of earth!] In the original, *ποτον αστονον κομιζω*. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the *nepenthé* of Homer in his mind (*Odyssey*, lib. iv.). This *nepenthé* was a something of exquisite charm infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, De Mere, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation: see Bayle, art. "Hélène."

ODE LVII

This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomene, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe given to him by Alexander; though, according to *Natalis Comes*, lib. vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber,

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Heyne, Brunck, etc., to denounce the whole poem as spurious. But, “non ego paucis offendar maculis.” I think it is quite beautiful enough to be authentic.

Whose was the artist hand that spread

Upon this dish the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of ἀπα τὴς τοπεύσε πύργου is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become familiar and unimpressive.

And all that mystery loves to screen,

Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen, etc.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and affords a happy specimen of what the poetry of passion *ought* to be—glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which, like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, is impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the dewy-rose, etc.] “Ποδῶν (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom.” Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression—

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

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And the latter—

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, etc.

Crættus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague a use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: "e roseis oculis."

[. . . Young Desire, etc.] In the original, 'Ιμερος, who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning—

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem,

Which Parnell has closely imitated—

Gay Bacchus, liking Esteourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us ;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, etc.

ODE LVIII

I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode, which, though deviating somewhat from the Vatican MS., appears to me the more natural order.

*When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion, etc.]* In the

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original, 'Ο δραπετης ὁ χρυσος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked: for Chryson, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more rapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever), etc.] Αἰεὶ δ', αἰετὸς με φέρει. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho; see Gyrard. *Vet. Poet. Dial.* 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia:—

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, etc.

Si sic omnia dixisset!—but the rest does not bear citation.

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*They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.] Original—*

Φιληματῶν δὲ κεδνῶν,
Ποθῶν κυπελλα κίρνης.

Horace has, “*Desiderique temperare poculum*,” not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By “cups of kisses” our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim—

“Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.”

as in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, “*ἵνα καὶ πινῇς ἅμα καὶ φιλῇς*,” “that you may at once both drink and kiss.”

ODE LIX

The title *Ἐπιληνιος ὕμνος*, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title *εἰς οἶνον*, which it bears in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any that have been suggested.

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Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion :—"non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare." But this is far from satisfactory criticism.

ODE LX

This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon : and it is undoubtedly rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But, in a poet of whose works so small a proportion has reached us, diversity of style is by no means a safe criterion. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre ? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

And how the tender, timid maid

Flew trembling to th. kindly shade, etc.] Original—

Το μὲν ἐκπεφειγέ κέντρον.

Φισεως δ' ἀμείψε μορφήν.

I find the word κέντρον here has a double force,

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as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa, etc. etc." (see Martial). In order to confirm this import of the word here, those who are curious in new readings may place the stop after *φυσεως*, thus—

Το μὲν ἐκπεφειγὲ κέντρον
 Φυσεως, δ' ἀμειψέ μορφην.

Still be Anacreon, still inspire

The descendant of the Trian lyre:] The original is *Τὸν Ἀνακρεόντα μιμου*. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τὸν Ἀνακρεόντα μιμου, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which "invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality too, with some little reserve, we need not blush, I think, to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines—

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,
 Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

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how many are there in the world to whom we would wish to say, *Τὸν Ἀνακρεόντα μιμνῶν!*

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority helps to confirm the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken. I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy—the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words *Ἱερωισι συγκαλυψω*, he says, “Vatican MS. *συσκιαζων*, etiam Prisciano invito”: but the MS. reads *συνκαλυψω*, with *συσκιασω* interlined. Degen too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has *τενιη* with *α*. interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of *τενῶη*. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. *Αλαλημενη δ’ επ’ αυτη*, while the latter has *αλαλημενος δ’ επ’ αυτα*. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

ODE LXI

The intrusion of this melancholy ode among

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the careless levities of our poet, reminds us of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse, should disown this ode. "Quid habet illius, illius quæ spirabat amores?"

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay.

All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplures the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode 11; and thus in the second epistle, book ii. --

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Dreary is the thought of dying etc.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem addressed to the Marquis de Lafare --

Plus j'approche du terme et moins je le redoute,
etc.

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*And, when once the journey's o'er,
Ah! we can return no more.]* Scaliger, upon
Catullus's well-known lines, "Qui nunc it per
iter, etc." remarks that Acheron, with the
same idea, is called *avēðodos* by Theocritus, and
δυσεαδρόμος by Nicander.

ODE LXII

This ode consists of two fragments, which are
to be found in Athenæus, book x., and which
Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has
combined into one. I think this a very justifiable
liberty, and have adopted it in some other
fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz. lib. iv.,
"Der Trinker."

But let the water ample flow,

To cool the grape's intemperat. glow, etc.] It was
Amphictryon who first taught the Greeks to mix
water with their wine; in commemoration of
which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus
and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory
the following epigram is founded—

Ardentem ex uterō Semeles lavēre Lyæum
Maiaδe, extincto fulminis igne sacri;

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Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis. at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.
" (Pierius Valerianus.)

Which is, non verbum verbo —

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
Hence, still he loves the Naiad's crystal urn.
And when his native fires too fiercely burn,
Seeks the cool waters of the fountain-nymph.

ODE LXIII

"This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, *Strom.* lib. vi., and in Arsenius, *Collect. Græc.*" (Barnes).

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

ODE LXIV

This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the scholiast upon Pindar (*Isthmicæ*, ode ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes)

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that Anacreon being asked why he addressed all his hymns to women and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed, it will be seen, in reporting this anecdote the same liberty which I have thought it right to take in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always allowable in interpreting the writings of the ancients: thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,

There thy vanquish'd people mourn'] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander. In its neighbourhood was the city called Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

ODE LXV

This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in *Heracides*, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the

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allegory, which runs so obviously through the poem, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates.

Pictorius in the fourth book of his *Hieroglyphics* cites this ode, and informs us that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

ODE LXVI

This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodiromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scholium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of those poems :-

Ολβιε γαμβρε, σοι μὲν ὄη γαμος ὥς αἶσαο,
Ἐπετελεστ', εἰς δὲ παρθενὸν αὖ αἶσαο.

See Scaliger in his *Poetics* on the Epithalamium.

And foster there an infant too.

To bloom like her, and tower like thee!] Original,

Κυπαριττός δὲ πεφυκοὶ σὺν ἐνὶ λήπῳ. Passeratius,

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upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the Nuptial Song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminius attributes to ῥόδον, says, "Floſtum quoque vocant in quo flos ille carpitur, et Græcis ἀπὸν ἐστὶ τὸ ἐφηβαίον γυναικῶν."

I may remark, in passing, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus has neglected a most striking and Anacreontic beauty in those verses, "Ut flos in septis, etc.," which is the repetition of the line, "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; having translated γελῶσας ἱμεροεῖν, but omitted all notice of the accompanying charm, ἄδον φωνεσσας. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully --

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

ODE LXVII

This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tartessian prince my own;] He here

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alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, a hundred and fifty years: and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty (see Barnes).

ODE LXVIII

This is composed of two fragments — the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

ODE LXIX

Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third in Barnes.

• *And every guest, to shade his head,*

Three little fragrant chaplets spread:] Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtesan, who in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third: so that each was

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satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance resembles very much the subject of one of the *lisons* of Savari de Mauleon, a troubadour see *L'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

ODE LXX

Compiled by Barnes from Athenæus, Hephaestion, and Arsenius (see Barnes, 86th).

ODE LXXI

This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

*The nursing fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, etc.] In the original—*

Ὅς ἐν ὕλῃ κεροεσσης
Ἀπολειφθεὶς ἵπο μητρος.

“Horned” here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Dacier, however, observes that

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Sophocles, Callimachus, etc., have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a licence of the poet. “jussit habere puellam cornua.”

ODE LXXII

This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

ODE LXXIII

This is to be found in Hephaestion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I have omitted, from among these scraps, a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet. *Ξαρθη δ' Ειρηνυλη μελει*, etc., which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenaus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, “nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.” It is in a style of gross satire, and abounds with expressions that never could be gracefully translated.

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ODE LXXIV

A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom, (*Orat.* ii. *Ode Regno* (see Barnes, 93rd.)).

ODE LXXV

This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 171st), is supposed, on the authority of Chamaeleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. “Mais par malheur” as Bayle says, “Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacreon” (*Nouvelles de la Rép. de L. H.* tom. ii. de Novembre 1684). The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is finely imagined: she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon—

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μοισ' ενισπες
Τμνον, εκ της καλλιγεναικος εσθλας
Τηιος χωρας ου αιδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγαιος.

O Muse! who sitst on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of witching tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;

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But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
'The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sung for me.

ODE LXXVI

Formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's *Poetis*.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his *Poetis*, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

ODE LXXVII

This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcaeus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon; see our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

ODE LXXVIII

See Barnes, 173rd. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his short essay on the "Gallic Hercules."

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